

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
 OF
 POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND BELLES LETTRES.

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	Page
I. EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX - - - - -	ii
II. POSTSCRIPT - - - - -	vi
III. THE QUARTER'S REVENUE - - - - -	ix
IV. THE APPROACHING CRISIS - - - - -	x
V. THE EDITOR'S NEW YEAR'S SONG - - - - -	xvi
VI. IRELAND PREVIOUS TO THE INVASION OF THE ENGLISH	97
VII. A HIGHLAND BARD'S LAMENT - - - - -	105
VIII. THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS ON BOARD A STEAMER	107
IX. LAY OF THE STRANGER - - - - -	115
X. THE FIRST VIOLET, BY THOMAS MILLER, BASKET-MAKER	117
XI. A VISION - - - - -	121
XII. NOTES OF A TOWN TRAVELLER - - - - -	125
XIII. POLAND RESTORED, A SONNET - - - - -	130
XIV. ROME AND HER CHURCH - - - - -	131
XV. THE DRAMA IN FRANCE - - - - -	146
XVI. TO THE MOON - - - - -	152
XVII. ON THE MEANS OF IMPROVING THE PEOPLE - - - - -	153
XVIII. THE CENTRAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY - - - - -	156
XIX. BALLAD, FROM THE SPANISH - - - - -	157
XX. NOTES OF THE MONTH - - - - -	158
XXI. LITERATURE AND ART - - - - -	163
XXII. MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE - - - - -	180
XXIII. THE DRAMA - - - - -	195
XXIV. AVE MARIA - - - - -	196
XXV. LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS - - - - -	197
XXVI. LITERARY OBITUARY - - - - -	198
XXVII. AGRICULTURAL REPORT - - - - -	199
XXVIII. THE EDITOR'S LATEST MOMENTS - - - - -	200

LONDON:
 SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,
 PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

It is our determination to devote a space to our correspondents, wherein they may enlighten the public after their own fashion. Our reason for this particularly good-natured resolution is, that we occasionally receive some choice morsels, which, although unsuitable to the pages of the Magazine, will do admirably well for a *melange*, such as we intend our "Letter-box" to be. Some are interesting from their humour—others from their absurdity. We shall seldom offer remarks on that which is intended for our "benefit;" therefore let them all go together, and each take the credit of his own. And, firstly, we have a pretty Sonnet from our correspondent E. W. G.

Sir,—Feeling assured, from the flattering notice taken of a few lines ("Musings") which I sent you in October last, that you would not carelessly pass over any short poetical pieces I might occasionally send you,—in this temper I would call your attention to a short poem, "The Ideal," addressed to your publishers, for "The Monthly," in November last, but as no notice has been taken, I fear it has never come into your hands. I have therefore recopied it below, and respectfully request (should they appear worthy) you to insert it, together with a Sonnet, "The Emigrant," in The Monthly Magazine. Respectfully yours, E. W. G.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Dec., 1835.

SONNET.

Far o'er the waters, by the sea-beat shore,
I wander oft, and view the gathering tide
That parts me from my country's isle—and chide
The sad'ning thought—that I no more
Its flowery meads may tread—its woods explore:
Oh! that the boundless ocean might convey
The once familiar voices of my early day,
And their lov'd accents with its tones restore!
Yet, still, I wither on a foreign strand,
Alone, and friendless, as a desert palm
That shades its perfume o'er the arid sand.
I seek relief in vain—but yet am calm
Amid the spirit's conflicts that demand
A happier being, blest with sweeter balm?

E. W. G.

DAY DREAMS.

It is not that the vale is changed;—
The change lies in my own sad heart;
Still smile the very scenes I ranged,—
But where's the life they could impart?
Oh! thus looks youth to man, as born
For all that nobler minds adore,
And man looks back to youth's sweet morn—
And sighs no more!
Lov'd visions of my childhood hours!
Why did ye faithless stray?
Bright as Araby's fabled bowers,
And beautiful as gay.
Oft have I mourn'd your destiny,
Too radiant to remain—
Ah! never, never, shall I see
Your fairy scenes again!
In the dawn of life, my heart was free
From sadness and despair,—
Replete with joy and childish glee,
I never thought of care.

The world—the beauteous world—distill'd
 Its dews of calm delight—
 Like music soft, when all is still'd
 In the solitude of night !

Harmonious stream'd the mystic tone,
 That thrills and governs all ;
 The forest wilds that sigh alone,—
 The flower,—the leaves that fall—
 All drew an impulse from above ;
 An unseen speechless tie,—
 A sweet entwining chord of love,
 Blending with love on high !

Without a cloud—without a tear
 In fairest colours drest,
 In imagination's magic sphere,
 I roam'd among the blest.
 Feeling a soul-like, quenchless fire,
 For the beautiful and bright,
 And culling all things to inspire
 With Hope's prophetic light.

I dwelt, as in a quiet dream,
 Of sorrowless emotion,
 Sooth'd by the gush of gurgling stream,
 Or distant roll of ocean.
 I own'd the power of fancy's spell,
 That stirr'd a reinless feeling,
 To reach ambition's gilded cell,
 Round which the great were kneeling.

Charm'd with the picture Fancy drew,
 I laboured to attain
 The fame—the glory won by few—
 In proud distinction's train.
 Toil had no pang such joys to mar,
 Or chase bright thought away,—
 For Hope seem'd brilliant as the star
 That shone at close of day !

I breath'd but love and sympathy,
 And thought the incense pure,—
 That life no conflicts had to try,
 No sorrows to endure !

I wept—for others' woes I shed
 A sympathetic tear—
 Ah! then th' Ideal had not fled
 To the sickly haunts of care !

But faded are those fairy beams ;—
 Faded, alas ! and gone
 The sweet belief—the darling schemes,
 My spring-dream ardour won :
 And vain have grown the promises,
 Created but to screen
 The stern and sad realities
 Of life's eventful scene !

In this low world there is no peace,
 Save in the dreamless grave,
 When hath been chaunted our release
 From care's dark troubled wave :

We may not greet the circle sweet,
That smiled in years gone by;
But ever sighs the soul to meet
Its semblance 'yond the sky!

E. W. G.

The communication of Jonathan Junk, we cannot insert.

"Memory," a poem, by Y. Y., has been received.

Lines by John Walker Ord, in our next.

We have received the "Report" of the Tenth Annual Meeting of the Lewes Mechanics' Institution, holden at the Public Temple in that city on Monday, November 16th last. We beg to congratulate the president and vice-presidents, together with the members thereof, on the gratifying proofs of the prosperity of their institution, as set forth by the secretary, Mr. John Smith, in this well-arranged publication. We shall be glad to hear, from time to time, of the further progress of these institutions.

It will be observed by our subscribers and friends, that we have devoted a greater portion of our space than usual to reviewing: the fact is, we were much behind in that department, and have to contend against the daily complaints of those interested. We have determined on extending that department of our Journal, and, we hope, to the advantage of literature generally. Works for reviewing must be sent in before the EIGHTEENTH day of the month.

Mr. Editor,—Your last number contained an advertisement of Mr. D'Emden, Surgeon Dentist, 1, Southampton Street, Strand, expressing his charges very moderate; and, according to causes and circumstances, to get rid of pain, I judged to go early in the morning. To my surprise, I had to wait half an hour, as this gentleman was engaged with the poor, whom he treats gratuitously before ten in the morning. I believe him the only Dentist in London to do so; I beg to give it publicity. I was relieved by his kind attention and moderate charges, and I hope he may be encouraged by those who can afford to pay, and who are willing to encourage talent, and those who are truly benevolent, unwilling to grasp at a shilling from the poor when in pain, with true christian feelings.

I am, your obedient servant,

ELLEN P.—

Cerles Terrace, Peckham New Town, 16th Jan. 1836.

To the Editors of the Monthly—Sirs,—Englishmen are known to be charitable, liberal, and just, but the order of the day is economy; may I suggest to you that petitions be got up in all parishes to erect an asylum for our retired Lord Chancellors, those who are Ex-Chancellors, and those who are to be; this would be charitable, liberal, just, and saving. Could not Lord Lyndhurst, or Lord Sugden, be made available; political feelings ought to be laid aside, and talent alone studied. I will contribute a crown to the erection of the Chancellors' Alms-Houses, as soon as the first stone is laid of this foundation, to the *unindustrious* learned, not the *industrious* poor, they'll give up their pensions, and be learned in the law, and not learned in the pocket. Your very obedient servant,

Birmingham-Square, Jan. 11th, 1836.

A MECHANIC.

BALLAD. FLOW ON, THOU SILV'RY STREAM.

By J. E. Carpenter, author of "Lays for Light Hearts," &c.

Flow on, flow on, thou silv'ry stream,
Beneath the moon's bright ray,
That tinges with its radiant beam
Thy flow'r-bespangled way;
I view thy calm and placid breast,
But only to repine;
We cannot know in life a rest
So beautiful as thine.

Alike in sunshine and in show'r
 Speeds on thy rapid way;
 The friends we knew in summer's hour,
 In winter—where are they?
 Oh! that our friendship, like the stream,
 Would ever freely flow,
 For life, though transient, then would seem
 A paradise below.

Mr. Editor,—I have just returned from a voyage of discovery, after twelve months' absence,—that is to say, to discover, by amusing my mind here, there, and every where, I restored my health. In my observations I could not help making, one, essentially, it was this:—what we call here Wellington boots, they call in Rome, à la Miguel; in Poland, Czarian boots; in Prussia, Nicolas boots; in Austria, Tory boots; in Switzerland, dauch nichts; the best of all, in Belgium, worn-out boots; and at my return here, I found mine, in good English, good-for-nothing boots, in the cabinet, but if re-soled and well me ded, beautiful for a campaign. Why are so many names given to those boots?

P. S. I fear a great number of the town clerks won't wear them any longer.

Southgate, 12th Jan. 1836.

Your's obediently

W. ROVER.

To the Editors of the Monthly Magazine—Sirs,—I am rejoiced to find that your publication is to be the organ of Popular Literary Institutes, and I trust you will take an early opportunity of calling the public attention to the subject of popular lectures on science to the people. I find that in Scotland a society has just been formed, having this object in view, and a set of lecturers are proceeding from a central point to the remotest parts of the kingdom, where they will lecture on science, literature, and the arts. I shall be glad at a future time to communicate more on this interesting subject, if it meets with your approval.

I am, Sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN LAYTON.

Sir,—I have often thought that a society might be formed for the purpose of uniting in *all countries* those improvers of the human race, who are to be found at work for the moral and intellectual advancement of mankind. This society should be called an **INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY**, and should be composed of the friends of man in every country. It is probable that the government would assist in this matter by the free communication of matter on the subject; would any of our great popular leaders, Dr. Birkbeck, Mr. Hume, and others, interest themselves in this manner, the service to society would be immense.

I am, Sir, yours,

EDWARD STANHOPE.

Thee Heditter off the Muntly Megysen, *Hetsetra*,—Dear Sur,—Jerry Snoony tels me as how you inserts Hepisto'atory correspondance In yur megysen, an Tum Chekes advises mee too sind yu thee acimpnying potry for apruval,—butt Akil-lease Agumamnum Henrey Valker, vot hapins to be a bitt scholerd, as hetten me Pint of Heavy, and nounce o'Baccy, at yu vont hinsert itt; but I told him I vos blowed if yu vudnt. Cause vy? tho' I his'nt no much at bukes, I thinks as how vot Tum Chekes sais his quite rite, nemly, at I'se gotten a bitt of a natral tast for Potizing, an I thinks at its a boorning pitty at sich a gentle bitt of Potry shuld be loste to the vurd,—so hare gos:—

Blow, oh! blow, yee heavenly brezes,

Awl among the leves hand treezes;

Sing, oh! sing, yee heavenly Muses,

Vile I mends yur bootes and shooses.

Hopping at yu'll finde this 'ere letre vurthy yur attinshun,

Iremane, Dear Sur, Yur obednt and humble servnt.

To cumband, Augustus Fridreck Slop.

P. S. That 'ere aint not my riglar nem, butt vot Tum Chekes calls my Num-dooger;* my rale nem is Natty Jinkens. (This ere 'pistle 's ritten by my sun, so hi hopps yu'll pardune all mistakes, iff indede ther be's heny, wich I expecs ther's nott, 'cause as ow I gied im a wole month's schuling at our Gramare Skule.

* Query, Nom-du-guerre?—Printer's Devil.

THE EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

Monthly Magazine Office. January 31, 1836.

HIS most gracious Majesty, together with the royal consort, continue to enjoy uninterrupted health and spirits, at the Pavilion.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, together with the Heir Apparent "to the throne of these realms," have returned to the palace at Kensington, from Ramsgate, in excellent health.

The new year has begun its course most auspiciously ; and, we hope, it will be our pleasing task to set forth, from time to time, the gratifying results of our foreign relations—our unrestricted and increasing commerce—our amended international laws—some of the results of our municipal reforms—and the new and liberal administration of affairs in Ireland, which we would rather call West Britain.

On the other hand, it may not be deemed unbecoming in us, if we take a brief retrospect of the deceased year. To the annals of industry, the by-gone year, to us, appears more particularly to belong. No very remarkable event will render it conspicuous in the pages of our history. It was mainly distinguished by a vast increase of population—the unpropitious, but augmented, progress of agriculture—the advance, in an increased ratio, of our manufactures and general trade—the beginning of public works—and by various other occurrences, which tend to demonstrate our flourishing condition, as a commercial enterprising nation—our rapid progress as an intelligent and industrious people ; and last, though not least, the development of a determined and almost manifest spirit of vigorous mercantile intercourse with the world at large. England, in short, may be said to have arisen, like a giant refreshed, from a long mental and political drowsiness, which had sullied her intellectual dignity—tarnished her high-born moral character, and religious, if not political worthiness. She has, happily for her free and gallant "national family," after a series of fortuitous and infelicitous events, commenced a new and fascinating career of commercial activity and unwonted prosperity. America—notwithstanding the vast exertions she has recently made, with a view to the extension and increase of her general commerce, cannot exhibit such formidable and convincing

results, as can Great Britain, at this popular and auspicious period of our history.

It will be seen by all good men—and to those only we address ourselves—that it required only the desiderata so long and loudly called for—namely, NATIONAL FREEDOM, and SECURITY FOR REAL PROPERTY, to bring about the most salutary change in our civil polity; and to produce the most gratifying testimonies of English perseverance and universal industry. We differ with those who hold, that the Napoleon wars were productive of those *high prices* which the same class of persons seem to think were necessary to the productive good of the whole. Succeeding events and circumstances do not prove their opinions to have been well-grounded. The national resources were lessened, not increased, by the too rapid rise and very high prices which succeeded the Waterloo warfare: and the adaptation of Mr. Huskisson's system—unpopular as it appeared to be at the time—begins to produce fruit of a description that cannot be well mistaken for—sour grapes. In short, we now, with merry hearts and hands, hail the dawn of a new era of national prosperity. The abolition of monopolies and restrictions by our patriotic parliament men, who have thus paved the way to a wise course of commercial policy, and who have made known their fixed determination not to permit of any the least tampering with the “currency,” necessarily had the effect of persuading those who had any thing to lose, that they had only to depend on their tact and business-like habits, to insure success—and, consequently, profit. Had Mr. Huskisson survived to receive the merited congratulations of those who approved and supported the carrying out of his “principles,” it would have added to our pleasure, at the moment of writing this paper; as it is, we have only to aver, that the *results* have been such as that deceased statesman, together with those public men who gave him their support, anticipated. Not one of the measures, in fine, proposed by Mr. Huskisson and his friends has failed! and they all have proved well nigh alike successful!

The cotton, silk, woollen, linen, iron, and other manufactures are at this time in a remarkable state of unexampled prosperity. Agriculture alone languishes and pines, under the vexatious influence of the Corn Laws and the Malt Tax. Why not remove them? Why not modify them? Why not give the industrious and practical farmer a fair chance of a survival of his calamities, which have been so recklessly heaped upon him and his family—by the late dissolute and church-pestilent aristocracy!

THE PEACE OF EUROPE WILL NOT BE DISTURBED.

In our preceding number, we stated that the "affair" between France and America would be amicably settled. We had our information from the best political authority: and were consequently enabled to *stand out* in our commentary. It has been objected by some fastidious, if not designing, sub-editorial gentlemen connected with the press—and who se'l their "damning praise" for base coin, and lie nineteen to the dozen by the clock at the Horse Guards, for a single mutton-chop and a glass of gin, into the bargain—that we should presume to devote any portion of our time and space to political discussion. Presume, indeed! why cannot these truth-destroyers, see—if they had not known long ago—that the "Monthly Magazine"—has ever professed to be a journal of **POLITICS, LITERATURE, and the BELLES LETTRES?**—and cannot these "necessitous loons"—who now and then succeed in contaminating our hearth-stones, and polluting our best friendships, by their moral turpitude—their barefaced impudence—can they not, we repeat, be made to understand that Literature, in its popular and practical sense, may be said to comprehend all those works, of which man is either the subject or the object,—which relate to the principles of human nature, whether taken in the abstract, or exemplified in the constituent elements, or common relations of society, and in the endless diversities of human character,—or which are addressed to—and intended to influence the feelings of the human heart?—But to return. The President's speech, which had been looked for, with immoderate anxiety, by the French, arrived early in January. No sooner were President Jackson's sentiments made known to that sensitive nation, over which Napoleon held the rod of absolute empire for so long a time with daring impunity—than the King, with his "Ministers," were found to be satisfied with the language of the "message to Congress:" and by no means were they disposed to raise up any fresh impediments to a speedy and honourable adjustment of the claims of the best-governed state in the world. War, then, has been averted once more: and the "Tribunes of the Poor" are again thrown back upon their monomaniac resources. Corporal Trim of the Times is desirous, that Mrs. Grundy should—*wind up the conservative clock!* oh, oh! we shall soon have corn at 15s. per bushel and Tory parsons usurping the high places: then shall follow the enslaving

and beleaguering paraphernalia of church-and-king bondage, should Mrs. Grundy, of *The Times*, manage—either by under-current or *surface* claptrappery—to wind up the clock.

THE LAST QUARTER'S REVENUE.

Nothing can be more gratifying to honest men, and free—or more mortifying, and, at the same time, convincing, to the “Tribunes of the Poor,” than the produce of the Quarter's Revenue just ended;—the best practical proof of our progressive and substantial prosperity.

That every honest reformer in Britain will rejoice with those who do rejoice in this matter, we can entertain no doubt. The flourishing state of our internal condition *must* tend to bring the *TORIES* to their senses, and persuade most of them—who have any just pretensions to patriotism, to political honesty (like Sir Robert Peel, for instance), suddenly to quit the camp of his thoroughly beaten partizans, for a field of battle far more glorious—to the brilliant eyes of English Freedom—than that of ensanguined Waterloo abroad, or Peterloo at home: both, be it spoken, of unhappy, if not execrable memory. It is a source of high delight to perceive the champions of misgovernment—both of Britain and West Britain, at this memorable moment of national expectation—preparing for the approaching struggle, when the United Parliament of England and Ireland assemble—for the *dispatch of business*. We fully expect to see Mahomet go to the Mountain, before the Ides of March.

THE POLITICIAN.

"Measures"—not Men.

O. M. M.

THE APPROACHING CRISIS.

ANOTHER session of Parliament is about to open. Before this number of the Monthly is in the hands of our country readers, the Royal speech will have been delivered: what the contents of that speech are to be, is as yet a matter of uncertainty. Be the King's speech, however, what it may; be it vague and unmeaning, as royal speeches usually are; or be it specific, bold, and straightforward, as both the character of the Ministry, and the exigency of the case, lead us to hope it will,—the session which it opens, will be one of the most eventful kind. We have no idea it will be a session remarkable for its duration: we believe it will, on the contrary, be one of the shortest in the annals of our parliamentary history; but there cannot be a question as to its ultimate results:—it will be one of the most momentous on record.

We are manifestly on the brink of a great crisis. The principles of Liberty and Despotism are now pitted against each other in mortal combat. We, of course, having equal faith in the virtue and resolution of Englishmen, and in the inherent excellence of the liberal cause, cannot have a moment's doubt as to which of the principles is destined to triumph. This does not, however, blind us to the energy with which the legions of corruption will contest every inch of the ground. Theirs will be the energy of desperation. So long as they can draw a breath, they will remain in the field; they know it is the last chance they will have, and they will only forego it when they heave the groan of expiration.

We express these convictions, by way of admonition to the friends of British freedom. Their triumph—and it will be both lasting and complete—is as certain, as is the rising of to-morrow's sun; but it will not be easily gained. And as to be forewarned, is to be forearmed, it is right they should be apprised beforehand of the arduous contest which awaits them. The most strenuous exertions will be necessary on their part; and with these there must be coupled the most cordial and entire union. If ever union was strength, it will be found to be so in this instance; if ever disunion was weakness, the fortunes of the coming conflict will prove it to be so in the present case. He who at this moment would endeavour to create disunion in the camp of the Liberals,—no matter what his talents or standing among them—must at once be denounced as a traitor, and treated as such. Disunion would be fatal: and in that disunion rest the only hopes of the Tory corruptionists.

But we fear no such contingency. We are satisfied that, if there be any man of note among the Reformers, who, either from want of judgment, or for the despicable purpose—no matter what be the pretext, of playing into the hands of the enemy, while clothed in the uniform of a friend—will endeavour to divide the Liberal interest; if there exists such

a person, we are sure the friends of good government will not be deluded by him; but that, acting on the wise maxim of merging all minor differences in the resolution to bring their resources to bear with greater effect on the common foe,—they will not allow themselves to bestow one single thought on the matters on which they disagree among themselves, until they see hosts of corruption lying vanquished at their feet.

But we may be asked, what are to be, or what ought to be, the rallying points of Reformers at this crisis? The very circumstance of answering the question would of itself, if proper care be not taken, induce the very variance among the Liberals, which it is of the last importance to prevent. Every Reformer will naturally answer the question, according to his previous opinion, as to what is matter of paramount moment at this juncture. It is equally clear, and under ordinary circumstances would be equally natural, that every Reformer would in such a case think that, instead of his yielding to others, they ought to succumb to him. Thus would the very evil to be avoided, present itself on the threshold. Happily, the difficulty may be easily obviated. The people of this country have, at this moment, unbounded confidence in the judgment and integrity of the Melbourne Ministry. Let that Ministry, then, fix on the great points to be contested in the coming conflict, and let Reformers of every shade of opinion, burying in the dust their minor differences, make those points or principles their watchword, and battle as zealously for their triumph as if there were no other in dispute.

Is it asked how are these points or principles to be ascertained? There can be no difficulty in the matter. They will be sufficiently indicated either in the King's speech, or in some of the ministerial expositions which will follow. It may be a Reform in the House of Lords: it may be the Church of Ireland question—it most probably will be that question. But whatever it be, let it become, for the time being, the absorbing question with all Reformers—the great object to whose attainment they will bend all their energies. This much is certain—that whatever be the point in dispute, it will be one of the first importance. It will doubtless be so in itself; but were it not, abstractedly, of commanding importance, it must be so in its relative bearings, inasmuch as it will become that by which the Ministry must stand or fall. And as they may be said to be a living embodiment of all that is enlightened, liberal, and right in legislation—as contra-distinguished from their Tory opponents,—in their persons will be fought the great battle of the people's interests.

But matters may take a very different turn, from what we have supposed in the hypothetical case we have here put. Instead of Ministers being allowed to bring forward a particular measure, involving some great political principle, on the attention of which they are willing to stake their existence—then all their intended legislation may be nipped in the bud, by an immediate dissolution of Parliament. The result of the discussion, on the address to his Majesty, may be such as to impose on them the necessity of dissolving Parliament, however unwilling they may be to have recourse to such an expedient. They may find the majority in their favour, on that address, to be so small as to leave no other course to them.

And here we must pause for a moment, to express our conviction that such will be the issue. We have been at some pains to ascertain

the relative strength of the Liberal and Conservative parties in Parliament ; and the conclusion at which we have arrived is, that the majority, in favour of the address, will not exceed fifteen or twenty.

If the event, then, should justify our anticipations, there are only two alternatives open to Lord Melbourne : he must either break up his Ministry, or break up Parliament. To attempt to meet so formidable a faction, and one, moreover, actuated by the most implacable hostility to the principles of the present Government, would be the most foolish, and at the same time the most dangerous, adventure a British statesman ever made. Lord Melbourne would, in that case, not only forfeit all character for foresight and prudence, but he would incur the heavy responsibility of unwarrantably trifling with the best interests, if not the tranquillity, of the country.

We would have made these remarks had there been no such institution in existence as the House of Lords : but to attempt to carry on the Government of the country with a trifling majority in the House of Commons, while five-sixths of the Lords were irreconcilably opposed to it, would be, on the part of Lord Melbourne, the very consummation of folly and guilt. Some persons, perhaps, would call it boldness : it certainly would be boldness—but it would be the boldness of insanity. The force of madness could no further go.

In the very probable event, then, of there being but a small majority in favour of the address to the King, we hold an immediate dissolution of Parliament to be inevitable. The other alternative of resignation, by Lord Melbourne breaking up his Ministry, we look on as altogether out of the question. His lordship is incapable of the pusillanimity of even dreaming, for one moment, of so unworthy a course. He knows too well, let us also add, what, in the present emergency, is due to the people, to think for a moment of it. To desert, at such a moment, a people who have been so prodigal of their confidence in him, as to restore him triumphantly on their shoulders to power, when ejected from it by the despicable intrigues of the Court, and to retain him there, in despite of all the desperate efforts made to hurl him again, and for ever, from office ; to desert so generous a people, and at such a moment, by a craven-hearted retirement from office, would be a virtual betrayal of that people into the hands of their enemies.

The Tories, on the principle that rogues always suspect others of those crimes of which they are guilty themselves, have been in the habit of accusing the Melbourne Administration, and, indeed, every Administration not composed of their own party, of tenaciously clinging to office, at any sacrifice of principle. Here the charge would carry such manifest groundlessness in its very face, that even the most mendacious of the Tory faction would hardly muster the requisite effrontery to prefer it. The present Parliament is a creature of Tory birth. To suffer himself, therefore, to be driven from office by such a Parliament, would, on the part of Lord Melbourne, be virtually baring the breast of his Government to the knife of an assassin ; while the means are in his power of wresting, with the greatest ease, the fatal weapon from that assassin's grasp.

A dissolution of Parliament being, therefore, in the highest degree probable—absolutely certain, indeed, if our fears as to the strength of the Tory party should be proved, by the division on the address, to be

well founded,—the course which the Liberals will, in such a contingency, have to pursue, is clear as the light of day. The constituency of the United Kingdom have their own and their country's destinies in their hands. Let them but exercise aright the power with which the Reform Bill has armed them, and all will be well. The question must not, at the approaching election, be—is this or the other particular candidate, in favour of annual parliaments, the vote by ballot, or any other particular measure; but does he approve of the past conduct of the Melbourne Ministry as a whole, and is he prepared to render them all the assistance in his power, in their efforts to carry into effect those principles to which they stand pledged. The lesser differences must, we repeat, at such a crisis as that which is hanging over our heads, be buried in the dust, and the broad tangible principle of supporting the present Ministry be made the grand bond of union among the reformers of Great Britain and Ireland.

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Let the people of England recollect—and let the pleasing remembrance cheer their hearts in the contemplation of the coming struggle—that they will have a powerful auxiliary in the coming arduous in the public press. It is true, that they will in this crisis lack the aid of certain journals which formerly co-operated with them; but there are talent and integrity enough remaining behind to enable them to fight the people's battles. They can boast both of numbers and talent among the public journals. Look at the state of the metropolitan press at this moment. Among the daily papers, they have enlisted on their side *The Morning Chronicle*, *The Morning Advertiser*—which now takes its place in the first rank; *The Globe*, *The Courier*, *The Sun*, and *The True Sun*; while against them are only *The Times*, *The Morning Post*, and *The Standard*. *The Albion* is defunct; and *The Morning Herald* is out of the question, being a mongrel sort of affair; a journal of which you can make neither one thing nor another. In point, then, of numbers and circulation, the odds among the daily papers are at least two to one in favour of the Liberal cause.

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Let, then, the people of England be not only united among themselves, but let them repose unbounded confidence in those who have been their leaders in all their past conflicts. Thus led, and thus leagued together, they will go forth to the battle, strong in themselves, and strong in the righteousness of their cause, and will soon have to return amidst deafening shouts of victory—a victory, the glorious fruits of which shall be enjoyed by their latest posterity.

THE POLITICIAN.

"Measures"—not Men.

O. M. M.

THE APPROACHING CRISIS.

ANOTHER session of Parliament is about to open. Before this number of the Monthly is in the hands of our country readers, the Royal speech will have been delivered: what the contents of that speech are to be, is as yet a matter of uncertainty. Be the King's speech, however, what it may; be it vague and unmeaning, as royal speeches usually are; or be it specific, bold, and straightforward, as both the character of the Ministry, and the exigency of the case, lead us to hope it will,—the session which it opens, will be one of the most eventful kind. We have no idea it will be a session remarkable for its duration: we believe it will, on the contrary, be one of the shortest in the annals of our parliamentary history; but there cannot be a question as to its ultimate results:—it will be one of the most momentous on record.

We are manifestly on the brink of a great crisis. The principles of Liberty and Despotism are now pitted against each other in mortal combat. We, of course, having equal faith in the virtue and resolution of Englishmen, and in the inherent excellence of the liberal cause, cannot have a moment's doubt as to which of the principles is destined to triumph. This does not, however, blind us to the energy with which the legions of corruption will contest every inch of the ground. Theirs will be the energy of desperation. So long as they can draw a breath, they will remain in the field; they know it is the last chance they will have, and they will only forego it when they heave the groan of expiration.

We express these convictions, by way of admonition to the friends of British freedom. Their triumph—and it will be both lasting and complete—is as certain, as is the rising of to-morrow's sun; but it will not be easily gained. And as to be forewarned, is to be forearmed, it is right they should be apprised beforehand of the arduous contest which awaits them. The most strenuous exertions will be necessary on their part; and with these there must be coupled the most cordial and entire union. If ever union was strength, it will be found to be so in this instance; if ever disunion was weakness, the fortunes of the coming conflict will prove it to be so in the present case. He who at this moment would endeavour to create disunion in the camp of the Liberals,—no matter what his talents or standing among them—must at once be denounced as a traitor, and treated as such. Disunion would be fatal: and in that disunion rest the only hopes of the Tory corruptionists.

But we fear no such contingency. We are satisfied that, if there be any man of note among the Reformers, who, either from want of judgment, or for the despicable purpose—no matter what be the pretext, of playing into the hands of the enemy, while clothed in the uniform of a friend—will endeavour to divide the Liberal interest; if there exists such

a person, we are sure the friends of good government will not be deluded by him; but that, acting on the wise maxim of merging all minor differences in the resolution to bring their resources to bear with greater effect on the common foe,—they will not allow themselves to bestow one single thought on the matters on which they disagree among themselves, until they see hosts of corruption lying vanquished at their feet.

But we may be asked, what are to be, or what ought to be, the rallying points of Reformers at this crisis? The very circumstance of answering the question would of itself, if proper care be not taken, induce the very variance among the Liberals, which it is of the last importance to prevent. Every Reformer will naturally answer the question, according to his previous opinion, as to what is matter of paramount moment at this juncture. It is equally clear, and under ordinary circumstances would be equally natural, that every Reformer would in such a case think that, instead of his yielding to others, they ought to succumb to him. Thus would the very evil to be avoided, present itself on the threshold. Happily, the difficulty may be easily obviated. The people of this country have, at this moment, unbounded confidence in the judgment and integrity of the Melbourne Ministry. Let that Ministry, then, fix on the great points to be contested in the coming conflict, and let Reformers of every shade of opinion, burying in the dust their minor differences, make those points or principles their watchword, and battle as zealously for their triumph as if there were no other in dispute.

Is it asked how are these points or principles to be ascertained? There can be no difficulty in the matter. They will be sufficiently indicated either in the King's speech, or in some of the ministerial expositions which will follow. It may be a Reform in the House of Lords: it may be the Church of Ireland question—it most probably will be that question. But whatever it be, let it become, for the time being, the absorbing question with all Reformers—the great object to whose attainment they will bend all their energies. This much is certain—that whatever be the point in dispute, it will be one of the first importance. It will doubtless be so in itself; but were it not, abstractedly, of commanding importance, it must be so in its relative bearings, inasmuch as it will become that by which the Ministry must stand or fall. And as they may be said to be a living embodiment of all that is enlightened, liberal, and right in legislation—as contra-distinguished from their Tory opponents,—in their persons will be fought the great battle of the people's interests.

But matters may take a very different turn, from what we have supposed in the hypothetical case we have here put. Instead of Ministers being allowed to bring forward a particular measure, involving some great political principle, on the attention of which they are willing to stake their existence—then all their intended legislation may be nipped in the bud, by an immediate dissolution of Parliament. The result of the discussion, on the address to his Majesty, may be such as to impose on them the necessity of dissolving Parliament, however unwilling they may be to have recourse to such an expedient. They may find the majority in their favour, on that address, to be so small as to leave no other course to them.

And here we must pause for a moment, to express our conviction that such will be the issue. We have been at some pains to ascertain

the relative strength of the Liberal and Conservative parties in Parliament ; and the conclusion at which we have arrived is, that the majority, in favour of the address, will not exceed fifteen or twenty.

If the event, then, should justify our anticipations, there are only two alternatives open to Lord Melbourne : he must either break up his Ministry, or break up Parliament. To attempt to meet so formidable a faction, and one, moreover, actuated by the most implacable hostility to the principles of the present Government, would be the most foolish, and at the same time the most dangerous, adventure a British statesman ever made. Lord Melbourne would, in that case, not only forfeit all character for foresight and prudence, but he would incur the heavy responsibility of unwarrantably trifling with the best interests, if not the tranquillity, of the country.

We would have made these remarks had there been no such institution in existence as the House of Lords : but to attempt to carry on the Government of the country with a trifling majority in the House of Commons, while five-sixths of the Lords were irreconcilably opposed to it, would be, on the part of Lord Melbourne, the very consummation of folly and guilt. Some persons, perhaps, would call it boldness : it certainly would be boldness—but it would be the boldness of insanity. The force of madness could no further go.

In the very probable event, then, of there being but a small majority in favour of the address to the King, we hold an immediate dissolution of Parliament to be inevitable. The other alternative of resignation, by Lord Melbourne breaking up his Ministry, we look on as altogether out of the question. His lordship is incapable of the pusillanimity of even dreaming, for one moment, of so unworthy a course. He knows too well, let us also add, what, in the present emergency, is due to the people, to think for a moment of it. To desert, at such a moment, a people who have been so prodigal of their confidence in him, as to restore him triumphantly on their shoulders to power, when ejected from it by the despicable intrigues of the Court, and to retain him there, in despite of all the desperate efforts made to hurl him again, and for ever, from office ; to desert so generous a people, and at such a moment, by a craven-hearted retirement from office, would be a virtual betrayal of that people into the hands of their enemies.

The Tories, on the principle that rogues always suspect others of those crimes of which they are guilty themselves, have been in the habit of accusing the Melbourne Administration, and, indeed, every Administration not composed of their own party, of tenaciously clinging to office, at any sacrifice of principle. Here the charge would carry such manifest groundlessness in its very face, that even the most mendacious of the Tory faction would hardly muster the requisite effrontery to prefer it. The present Parliament is a creature of Tory birth. To suffer himself, therefore, to be driven from office by such a Parliament, would, on the part of Lord Melbourne, be virtually baring the breast of his Government to the knife of an assassin ; while the means are in his power of wresting, with the greatest ease, the fatal weapon from that assassin's grasp.

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THE EDITOR'S NEW-YEAR'S SONG.

Inscribed to ALFRED BUNN, Esq.. of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

GREAT BACCHUS, whither art thou now,
 With music's joy and festal glee ;
 Burning eyes and laurelled brow ;
 Bounteous, gladsome, ever free ?

Where have flown those attributes,
 Ennobling still, thou god of wine ?
 Sounding shells, and thrilling lutes,
 Resplendent Beauty's eye divine ?

And, last of all to be deplored,
 The amorous liquid of that vine,
 Which never sanctifies our board—
 The rich, the bright Falernian wine ?

Yet, yet we know what 'tis to win
 The love of woman,—and to be
 The Byroneers of Græcia's sin—
 With hearts that beat right merrily !

Give us of the Samian stream ;
 Shed, oh ! shed the nectar'd tide !
 Bright joy shall herald forth life's dream—
 Let no fresh woe or ill betide.

Let thy juice go sparkling round,
 And each Briton prouder be—
 While the sprinkled cups around
 Invite our mirth right merrily !

Brim the wine-cups to our King ;
 Old England owns no better name !
 And now, brave countrymen, we'll sing—
 “ Here's to our Queen”—the Royal Dame !

Filled with Lusitania's wine,
 Again, again, the cup shall be ;
 While we enshrine this song of mine—
 Right merrily ! right merrily !

IRELAND PREVIOUS TO THE INVASION BY THE ENGLISH.

ANCIENT NAMES OF IRELAND, AND DERIVATION OF THOSE NAMES.

IRELAND, the second of the nations which compose the British realm, was known anciently by the names of Iërne, Inverna, and Hibernia.

The first of these names, Iërne, is supposed to be of Phœnician derivation, and was, perhaps, pronounced Erin, which signifies the Country of the West; and of which Mr. Pinkerton—an authority on the subject of British antiquities of high standing—considers Hibernia, as well as the Gothic appellation, Ireland, to be mere modifications. As much, perhaps, may be conjectured with respect to Inverna, which bears no very distant affinity to Iërne. With respect to the name Hibernia, however, authors are not agreed as to its derivation. Some deduce it from Heber, one of its most ancient kings, while others consider it a corruption of Iberia, the classical name of Spain—the country from which Ireland, according to some, was first colonized.

COLONIZATION OF IRELAND.—OPINIONS OF WRITERS ON THE SUBJECT.

Respecting the people who first settled in Ireland as colonists, much doubt exists, though various accounts are given. If fable is to be quoted, three of Cain's daughters were the first who visited that island, three hundred years before the deluge.

From the same authority, Partholanus, a descendant of Magog, the son of Japhet, is said to have landed on its shores with a thousand followers; and subsequent to him, and before the year of the world 2700, another colony, headed by Nemedius, a descendant also of Magog, attempted the same project with no great success; a failure which the fabulists attribute to the successive revolts of a body of the colonists called Fornorians, a race of giants, and descendants from Nimrod.

Spenser, the celebrated poet, whose residence in Ireland at a time when the national character was undivested of its peculiarities, and which must have afforded him great advantages of observation, supposes the Irish to have been of Scythian origin. He is also of opinion that the western part of the island was occupied subsequently by a body of Gauls, who had previously settled in Spain, and who had

acquired of the Phœnicians settled in that country a knowledge of those arts for which that people were distinguished.

Pinkerton's opinion is, that Ireland was originally peopled from Gaul; and at the time that the Belgæ invaded the south of England, kindred Gothic tribes emigrated to the south of Ireland; these, according to his account, were the Firlbolgs of the ancient Irish historians, and the Scoti of the Roman writers. General Vallancy's supposition, from the attention he has given to the antiquities of Ireland, is also entitled to consideration. His idea is, that the people who first colonized Ireland were of Southern-Scythian, the same as Phœnician, extraction, and who directly owed their origin to that central Asiatic nation—the source whence Ancient India, Egypt, and Babylon, derived their knowledge and civilization. The antiquarian sagacity of Mr. Whittaker has also been directed to this subject, and he has given his opinion with a confidence and clearness which savours much of probability.

According to this writer, the Belgæ, about 350 years before Christ, crossed the channel, and drove the inhabitants of the several southern districts of England before them; and these, giving way, emigrated to Ireland. After a lapse of about 200 years, or about 100 years before Christ, these colonists were joined by another body of Britons, who fled from their country on the landing of Divitiacus. And that about the 150th year of the Christian era, the whole circumference of the island was thus successively peopled.

AUTHOR'S OPINION ON THE SUBJECT.

While on the subject, and without any wish to set up his individual opinion against such authorities as he has quoted, the author ventures to state a few particulars which have occurred to his reflection.

He has observed throughout the writings of the Irish historians who profess to treat of the antiquities of their country, a general disposition to ascribe the origin of their nation to the visits of certain colonists of eastern extraction: and that they never will allow the idea of any settlement having been made from Britain prior to this.

To what this partiality for oriental extraction is owing it may be difficult to say: it must, however, be allowed, that, by selecting the Phœnicians for their ancestors, they have made a very good choice; as that people, when possessing the ability to colonize, were perhaps the most intelligent and most enterprising people upon earth. And if their maritime excursions are regarded, which extended to all parts of the

Mediterranean, and even to Britain, the idea is not improbable that they visited Ireland in the course of their traffic. Whether in the course of these visits they ever considered Ireland desirable as a settlement, is a point which the author is prepared neither to maintain nor dispute : he only observes, that if such is the case—and it is far from being improbable—it is the reverse of the mode of colonization in these times, which is generally in the direction of from north to south.

It is much more probable that the ancient nations moved northwards, to escape from the invasions and aggressions of their southern neighbours, to conceive the whole of the north of Europe, including the British islands, to have been thus peopled.

A similarity, in many points, between the Irish and Highland Scots, is too remarkable not to be here attended to. Without deciding on the claims of either side, as to priority of settlement, with Macpherson, on the part of his country, that Ireland was colonized from North Britain, or that, according to the Irish authorities, Argyleshire was peopled in the third century, by an Irish colony, headed by Riada the son of Ollid Olum, a native prince, it seems that the intercourse between these people, in former times, must have been intimate and frequent. Their language is nearly the same, which is of Celtic character. Some of the same names are common to both countries, such as those beginning with Mac ; though the prefix of O' is peculiar to Ireland. The bagpipe is the national instrument of both ; and an affinity of sympathy may be traced in several of their respective melodies ; in such whose object is to excite and enliven, as well as in those whose effects are of a more powerful and deeper kind.

A SHORT REVIEW OF ITS HISTORY, PREVIOUS TO THE INVASION OF HENRY II.

Previous to commencing this review, it may be proper to give a short sketch, previous to the invasion of Henry II., of the state of things and parties in the country on that monarch's arrival. In this sketch, however, the author does not guarantee as authentic the account he is about to give. Unfortunately, all information respecting the early state of Ireland, is to be obtained from sources, in point of historical veracity, extremely questionable : such as traditionary tales and poetical records. Since, however, he has no other, he must exhibit what he has, accompanied at the same time with the above qualification.

Having given his conjectures respecting the Aborigines of the country, he now proceeds to the Milesian conquest.

MILESIAN CONQUEST.

Some time about the 2900th year of the world, the Irish historians describe the arrival of an adventurer in their country of the name of Ith. This prince, who was a son of Milesius, sailed from Galicia, in Spain, and belonged to a wandering tribe of Egyptians or Phœnicians, which had lately settled in Spain. On the death of Ith, Heber and Heremon, his two surviving brothers, jointly ruled the country; in whose reign the Picts are said to have attempted the invasion of the island, but unsuccessfully. To Heremon, the surviving brother, succeeded a series of monarchs of the same line, the sum of our information respecting whom, being their character for valour, the number of battles they had fought, and the violent deaths that awaited them. And it is here worthy of remark, that of 121 kings which belonged to this line, not above ten or twelve are described as having died a natural death. They fell, either by assassination or in the field of battle.

A monarch of more than ordinary merit, however, appears early in the series, who deserves particular notice, of the name of Ollam Fodlah, and who appears to have united the talents of legislator to those of the warrior. In his reign, and by his command, was instituted the assembly convened at Tarah every three years; to which, along with the nobility, the learned from all parts of the kingdom were summoned; at which laws were enacted and repealed; public grievances redressed; and festivities kept on a scale of great magnificence. To Keating's History, in particular, the curious reader is referred, who is desirous of an ample description of this assembly.

STATE OF GOVERNMENT.

The ancient form of government in Ireland, if the same sources are to be relied on, was monarchical. Besides the monarch, who subsequently was styled also king of Meath, there was a tributary king at the head of each of the four provinces, besides a number of princes more or less subject to these again, according to their extent of possession. The degrees of precedence which these kings held, may be seen from the description of their places at that assembly of Tarah, just noticed, in which the King of Ulster is represented as seated on the monarch's right hand; the King of Munster on his left; the King of Leinster opposite to him; and the King of Connaught behind the throne. Besides these, other kings and princes occur in the perusal of ancient Irish

history: as the Kings of Breffny of Ossory, the Princes of Orgial, Desmond, Thomond, Decies, &c. &c.

With respect to the election of this monarch, it should be remarked, that of the royal Milesian line, he that was most distinguished for his valour, enterprise, or martial skill, was selected for the dignity.

The Irish monarch's revenue was paid him, occasionally in the form of a settled stipend, occasionally in presents given in kind. And, to assist him in any exigency, taxes were levied by the heads of the assembly just described.

The form of ancient Irish judicature also deserves notice at this place.

Of the Pentarchy, every king had under him a chief, as the representative of his family, each of whom had the administration of justice among his own tribe. As an indispensable part of the chief's establishment, a judge was kept, called in those times a Brehon; and from whose judgments, delivered in the open air, and in the presence of the whole tribe, there was no appeal. It is uncertain to say how long this form of judicature had lasted; an act of King John, however, confirmed its abolition.

INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

In the midst of these scenes of aggression and slaughter, a new era commenced in Irish history, not distinguished, indeed, for any immediate good effects attendant on it, but which is no less than the succession of the Christian religion to Paganism; which, up to the middle of the fifth century, prevailed there.

It was in the reign of Lagoary, of the Milesian line, that Patrick—or St. Patrick—animated with the zeal common to the primitive Christians, arrived in Ireland, and made the first effectual stand, by the introduction of the pure precepts of his religion, against the Druidical forms and institutions which prevailed throughout the island. Notwithstanding the testimony of early writers respecting the exemplary piety, the unwearied zeal, and the astonishing influence which this philanthropist possessed, and continued to exercise, in humanizing the natives of this country, the Irish character seems to have been divested, after all his benevolent efforts, of very little of its former habits, as subsequent to his death, to the very extinction of the Milesian line of monarchs, the same depositions, aggressions, ravages, and assassinations, continued in successive record, and in instances of unmitigated violence.

DRUIDS OR BARDS.

Previous to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, the religion

of the country was that no doubt which was common to Britian, as its priests or professors were Druids. Of this order nothing is recorded to distinguish them from the Druids of Britain. Like them they had the direction of all religious ceremonies : they enjoyed the same reputation for wisdom ; their advice was asked with the same readiness in all matters of policy or emergency ; and their directions were followed with an attention equally scrupulous. They excelled in divination, and in all its mystical concomitants ; and to them, as bards, was assigned the task of embodying in verse, and adapting to the music of their harp, the deeds of departed valour. Their verses and their music were alike the language of passion ; and to this period may, possibly, be ascribed the origin of several of those airs, the effects of which at the present day are neither slight nor transient.

DANISH CONQUEST.

About the end of the 8th century, the Irish were destined to experience a share of those depredations which the Danes, Norwegians, and other northern adventurers, had previously committed in Britain ; and who, in the reign of Hugh V., of Milesian extraction, landed on the coast of Munster, in very considerable force, from a fleet of fifty ships. To these other adventurers followed, and so successful were their plans of subjugation, that, in less than half a century from the period of their invasion, a Norwegian of the name of Turges or Turgesius was proclaimed monarch of all Ireland, A.D. 845. Though the unfortunate feuds and conflicting animosities which prevailed among its princes, rendered Ireland an otherwise easy prey to foreign conquest, yet, amid their humiliation, the spirit of resistance in the breasts of Irishmen, towards these scourges of their peace, seems never to have been extinguished. Repeated battles were fought between the invader and the invaded, with various success ; the attempt of Magnus, a Norwegian king, to subjugate the island, was unsuccessful, and a blow to the Danish power, from which it never recovered, was given by the forces of a celebrated king, named Brian Borioime, near Clontarf. Though thus conquered, and having the supreme power thus wrested from them, the Danes and Norwegians yet possessed great influence in the country ; as they were in possession of the principal seaports and forts, which the native princes, with great simplicity, allowed them to occupy, with the view of encouraging commerce. Such, then, was the state of Ireland, her fortresses and seaports in the possession of these Scandinavian adventurers called Easterlings or Ostmen—

previous to the invasion of the English; distracted in her councils—without any common interest—her princes suspicious of each other's ascendancy, and prosecuting their plans of aggression and retaliation for injuries received with a ferocity merciless and unbounded—its natives of every degree averse to the arts of peace—of course, of civilization; and attached, even to enthusiasm, to the fame attendant on martial enterprise.

INVASION OF IRELAND BY THE ENGLISH IN THE REIGN OF HENRY II.

In the reign of Roderic O'Connor, Dermot, King of Leinster, a prince deposed by his subjects for his intolerance, and flying from the vengeance of several neighbouring princes, who had, according to the accounts of some historians, made common cause against him, in consequence of his treacherous conduct towards the King of Breffrey, went to England, and, as an injured prince, threw himself on the monarch's protection.

Henry, an ambitious and wise prince, having, for some time previously, considered the annexation of Ireland to his kingdom as an important consideration, and having, according to some, obtained a bull from Pope Adrian, several years even before this application, conferring on him the sovereignty of that country, considered the present application as occurring most fortunately for his views. With his usual caution, however, he was unwilling to embark personally in the enterprise, till he sounded the opinions of his subjects relative to the affair. With this view, then, he dismissed the applicant Dermot, with many promises, and gave him a letter of licence under his own hand, authorizing permission and consent to any of his subjects who might be willing to aid Dermot in the recovery of his lost kingdom.

The prince, it seems, made the very best use of this letter; as he found means to interest in his favour the celebrated Earl of Pembroke, surnamed Strong-Bow, at that time one of the most powerful and warlike barons of the kingdom. As a stipulated condition, for his granting Dermot the assistance he required, Pembroke insisted on the hand of his daughter Eva in marriage; and, of course, in the absence of a male heir, on right to succession of the throne of Leinster. To these Dermot having as readily assented, he departed for Ireland to await the promised assistance.

Previous to his leaving England, Pembroke having sent before him about 400 men, under Fitzstephen, Hervey of Mountmaurice, and

Maurice de Prendergast, and, subsequently, Maurice Fitzgerald and Raymond le Gros, with a few levies, he sailed, A.D. 1171, for Ireland with about 1500 men, and landed near Waterford without opposition. This city he took on the following day; and on the evening of his success, the marriage ceremony was performed by which he was united to Eva.

Henry, considering the success of his views with respect to Ireland as certain, and perhaps jealous of Pembroke's influence, which was what might have been expected from his great abilities, resolved to visit Ireland in person; and sailed from Milford, for that kingdom, in the month of October, A.D. 1172, with several barons, 400 knights, and 4000 men.

Of those who paid homage to Henry on his arrival, the Prince of Desmond was the first; to him succeeded the Princes of Limerick, Thomond, Decies, and Ossory. The last who made his submission to the power of the English monarch, was Roderic King of Connaught. It certainly seems surprising, that in the short space which intervened between the landing of Henry at Waterford and his arrival at Dublin, when the warlike habits of the Irish nation are considered, that he should have obtained the sovereignty of that kingdom, without fighting a single battle or losing a single man. It is true that the military talents of Pembroke and the superiority of the English force, which had previously proved decisive in every engagement, were of great use to Henry in the accomplishment of this project. It is, nevertheless, believed by some writers, and among the rest by Dr. Leland, whose opinion on the subject of Irish history deserves respect, that, in order to command the oaths of allegiance and submission from so many spirited and powerful princes, besides the effect which his great force was calculated to produce, promises and professions of no ordinary kind were made use of to facilitate his views. The subserviency of the native clergy to Henry's power on the occasion is notorious; as a concluding resolution of a synod held at Cashel, by order of that monarch, at which several chiefs and the heads of the church were present, declared, that the good order and tranquillity which then prevailed throughout the kingdom, were owing solely to the wise government and regulations which Henry had introduced.

It may not be here improper to remark, that from a perusal of the resolutions passed at this public meeting, a direct tender of the supreme government of Ireland is made to Henry, not only by the principal of

the clergy and other princes, but by the monarch Roderic himself; and a title was hereby given to the King of England for the sovereignty of Ireland, of a kind superior to any other, inasmuch as its delegation was general and spontaneous. As to any other right to the sovereignty of this kingdom, Henry will be found to possess none more legitimate or better founded than that of any other conqueror, with the exception of succession to the kingdom of Leinster, which he held in the person of his subject Pembroke, who made it, along with the hand of Eva, an article of stipulation previous to his granting to Dermot the assistance he desired.

A HIGHLAND BARD'S LAMENT,

FOR THE PROSCRIPTION OF THE NATIONAL DRESS AFTER THE
REBELLION.

THE famous Tartan which has braved
The conflict of unnumbered years,
And in the wind of freedom waved,
That o'er the mountain's crest careers,
No more must cheer our darkened sight,
No more must o'er the breast expand,
Must vanish from the wild and height;
Such is the stranger's dire command.

The lofty plume to which is given
The hues and glory of the sky,
Must from its airy path be driven;
And in the depth of darkness lie.
The broad unblenching highland blade,
Which our brave fathers proudly bore,
Must fall within neglect's black shade,
And glad the mountain eye no more.

Alas! where is the glory gone,
Which once along our mountains gleamed;
And on our vanished fathers shone,
Who ne'er of base dishonour dreamed;
Through whom the noblest feelings flowed,
Whose every thought was dauntless might;
Where are their eyeballs' lightnings broad,
The Saxon through the soul to smite.

And will our anguished hearts consent
To cast aside the tartans free ;
And in the Saxon's garb be pent,
Token of abject slavery.
Will not our sunk hearts, when they feel
The pressure of his base array,
Back in the bosom wildly reel,
And wither hastily away.

We have consented ! we have spurned
The tartan and the breezy plume,
And the bright steel of honour urned
In silence and in gravelike gloom ;
Yet still our shrunken hearts are warm,
Still thro' our frames the pulses roll,
Still the wild thought, commanding charm
Of life, clings to the stricken soul.

No more let worth and honour breathe
Within our hearts, the prey of blight ;
No more let freedom's hand unsheathe
The sword, upon our beamless sight.
Valour departed from the breast,
The mountain-spirit passed away,
When heavily around us pressed
The stranger's desolate array.

Tread not the mountain paths, O Gael,
Keep to the dull and level plain,
Let ne'er thy locks in ardour sail
Upon the free-born breeze again ;
Lest its wild spirit, stern and pale,
Should on thee cast its piercing eye,
And with a wild soul-freezing wail,
Sweep thee in breathless horror by.

Tread not the mountain's paths, O Gael,
Lest the shrill, lonely, voice that lies
Within the dark mysterious vale,
Should from its secret depths arise,
And send throughout thy frenzied soul
The dark recital of thy shame,
And spectral visions o'er thee roll,
Of all thy former fame !

W. MAYNE.

THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS ON BOARD A STEAMER.

ON Tuesday, the 24th of February, 1835, we shipped ourselves at Greenwich on board the Lomond Castle Steamer, bound for Belfast. A considerably greater cargo than anticipated arrived upon the quay a short time before the hour appointed for sailing; and the consequence was we were detained several hours, at which we began to murmur. The entire number of cabin passengers were seven—first and most important were ourselves; next was a fat, thick, gaudy man, dressed in a blue coat, yellow buttons, white trousers, tartan waistcoat, and coloured neckerchief, and who, it appeared afterwards, was a Scotchman resident in Belfast, in the provision line, and had been over selling a cargo of Cara pork: he was a funny fellow, and afforded us some amusement during the time we were murmuring at the delay. Next him sat a scurvy-faced, lanky, lean, proud-looking subject, who appeared to have filled up Burns's idea of a *Hieland gentleman* by having nothing particular about his appearance saving *scabs* and *hunger*; he called out so impertinently to the steward, that he was instantly set down as a writer's clerk, broke loose from his desk and stool—he turned out afterwards to be a poor lieutenant, after a six weeks' leave of absence, returning to his regiment in Ireland, there to resume his old occupation of pig-driving. Next him sat a quiet, sedate, pale-faced-looking young man, who was a travelling clerk for a stationery house in Edinburgh, who, finding their goods likely to be truly *stationary* unless their clerk got unstationary, had sent him over to Ireland with his bundle of samples. Lying at full length on one of the sofas was a remarkably nice-looking young man, dressed in the top of the fashion, having his clothes put so nicely on that one almost thought they had been adjusted with a plumb-line and square, and whose ruffled shirt showed that he had studied the art of tying the cravat; his wrists were encircled with most beautiful wrist-collars, his hands delicately white, while he sported a large ring on the little finger of one of them, and spoke with a lisp, apparently almost afraid that his voice would destroy the tie of his cravat, or the posture of his surtout collar: who he was we were puzzled to find out. He had so much nicknackery about his appearance, and smelled so dreadfully of musk, that we would have set him down as the shopman to some metropolitan perfumery house, only his conversation and manners were truly polite, and made me regret that his dress had so much of the fop, as otherwise he had the appearance of a gentleman. Sitting reading at the table was a young man having a very white face, terrible brogue, and conversation smelling so rank of the shop, that there was no doubt who he was, and we all thought he might have spared himself the trouble of telling us he was a medical man—but we never would have done the profession the injustice to have called him doctor, unless he had shown us his diploma. Who the seventh passenger was we do not re-

collect, but certes we had a seventh. In order to pass the time, we got the table covered, that we might have dinner the moment the vessel was unmoored, and before we got into what we had every reason, from appearances, to suppose would be rough water.

Dinner was soon over, and we all did full justice to what the steward set before us. After dinner, each one was enjoying his glass of toddy amid the conversation, which was of a very general kind, and in which all joined. By degrees, however, it rested upon the harm or the good which Ireland was receiving from the church as established by law. The medical man was a bigoted Catholic, and maintained the injustice of obliging a Catholic population to support a protestant establishment; he of the nicely clad raiments said that, for his part, he would, as a general principle, allow every one to think for himself, and support what religion he thought best, yet he could not see any great hardship there was in obliging a people groaning under the rank bigotry, superstition, and intolerance of Popish error to support the pure doctrines of protestantism, as every one must admit who knew anything at all, that Protestantism was the only true faith. We, on the contrary, defended the rights of conscience on the broadest ground, and denied the right of any sect to say their's was the true faith. The soldier denied that the church of England could be called a sect; it was the religion that the king, the government, and the people, had sworn to accept, and therefore they who denied its tenets, ought to be at least obliged to support it—even though it should be at the point of the sword; while the provision-dealer called us all a parcel of bigoted fools for believing either in one sect or another, and openly avowed himself an atheist, and at the same time a believer in Bishop Berkely's theories: why he disbelieved the actuality of his own existence he said he knew not—but such was the fact, and he cared nothing more about it.

It may easily be supposed that, with such an incongruous mixture of opinions, and especially over a glass of toddy, all harmony and real argument were soon lost, and what termination might have been made to the debate it is hard to prophesy, had every one been allowed to carry it on as he wished. Much snarling had been manifested on the part of the soldier and the dealer in provisions, and each party had during the discussion told the situation in which he stood in society; but the wind was now blowing hard above, and the sea was rough below, which caused the vessel to pitch so much that the lieutenant stretched himself upon the sofa, after declaring that it was foolish to enter into a discussion of this kind with a dealer in pigs. Having said this, he uttered a groan, but was roused from his sickness for a moment at his adversary throwing back the term pig-dealer with contempt, telling him that it was at least an honest, if not more honourable trade than that of a pig-driver, which he had doubtless been during the time he had served in Ireland. The answer to this unceremonious retaliation upon the man of fire was attempted, but alas, alas! the most honourable of men have sometimes to succumb to circumstances, and he was, notwithstanding he held a commission in his Majesty's service, obliged to content himself with again laying down his head, and uttering a series, not of oaths, but of groans, which were, we shrewdly guessed, not for the benighted condition of the pig-dealer's mind, but for the perturbed state of the pig-driver's

stomach. After the soldier had retired from the contest, the travelling clerk took up his argument, but instead of fighting for the Church of England, he fought for that of Scotland. The argument was, however, of a more moderate nature. The arguer of the fine garments soon also felt rather queerish, and declaring that such arguments were unfit for a marine company, as some gentleman was sure to have his feelings shocked, laid his head down upon the hair pillow, and began likewise to groan. He was soon followed by the defender of the Church of Scotland; and as the vessel was now pitching so dreadfully that there was little pleasure below, we lighted a cigar, wrapped ourselves up in our cloaks, and went upon deck, leaving the Papist and the unbelieving believer fiercely engaged in the war of opinion.

It was now about nine o'clock in the evening—the night was pitchy dark, and nothing was to be observed but the light-houses and the uncertain appearance of a mountainous coast on the starboard quarter, and which, the mate assured us, was the island of Arran. We are not given to sea-sickness, and never were afraid of the sea; we were therefore in a good mood to enjoy ourselves, and we certainly did so. The wind blew right a-head, and the little steamer laboured much. We had rarely seen a more superb sea, and as each wave broke over the vessel, we clutched firmly the bulwark near which we were sitting on a chest made fast to the deck, and as the water passed over, we felt a delight that can only be felt by some mischief-loving spirit,—nay, so much did the imagination assist us, that we almost fancied ourselves the demon of the storm, and as the little vessel rose over the wave, that but a moment before seemed ready to swallow us up, we felt a buoyancy of spirits, that it is rarely our lot to experience. After sitting for more than two hours watching the sea sporting in its grandeur, we were astonished to hear the Captain and Pilot in earnest conversation on the probability of her being able to weather the channel. We could observe the high peak of Ailsa indistinctly seen darkening the horizon at a little distance, and we rejoiced at the prospect of soon being in what we knew to be the roughest part of the Irish Channel; the Captain was not, however, apparently so much at his ease, as he was pacing the deck with hurried steps, and as he was not aware there was any one within hearing, the Pilot and he were talking earnestly what they thought. The Pilot was a bold fellow, and counselled keeping her on her course, as to turn and run was more dangerous, he said, in such darkness, than standing out to sea; the Captain, however, was of a different opinion—said the boat was not fit to live unless the gale went down. As it drew near midnight, we began to feel hungry and thirsty, so rising to descend for some refreshment, we asked the Captain if he had never been in this boat in a gale before. He said, he had never been in that steamer before, that this was his first voyage; that she was not fit for the ordinary gales of the channel, and if he got safe back again, he would never more attempt to cross the channel in her. During eight years that he had been in these channels, he had never met with such a night, had never been in a finer sea-boat, but at the same time, one that had not sufficient power for the work assigned to her.—It was with some difficulty that we managed to find our way down to the cabin, where we found the disputants all engaged in one argument, and that not of a pleasant kind—they were all sick,

and moaning in concord. We congratulated them on the present harmony of their opinions, and desiring the steward to bring forth some of his good cheer, were in the act of putting a glass of Guinness's good stout to our lips, when a tremendous sea struck the larboard quarter, and in a moment the two stern dead-lights were dashed in and the cabin covered with water; catching up one of the dead-lights in our arms, while the steward took the other, we stumbled over the wreck of men and luggage that now covered the floor, and succeeded in fixing them before another heavy sea struck the vessel's stern, and which, had the dead lights not been replaced, would have filled the cabin with water. After this was accomplished, we commenced lifting up carpet bags, portmanteaus, broken tables, stools, &c., and succeeded in restoring order to the cabin. The steamer was now riding more easily, and the passengers were sitting on the lower tier of sofas in a most piteous and dilapidated condition. The soldier said, that had he known we were to have had an Atheist on board, he would not have come with her—that he doubted not this was a judgment for the horrid blasphemies that had been uttered during dinner; the dealer in pigs denied that it was anything but the usual course of nature; the papist said, it was, he doubted not, for the purpose of hindering the soldier's return to oppress his poor countrymen; while the traveller's clerk and the perfumed gentleman begged of them to hold their tongues, the former remarking that the present was a time fitter for each man to spend at his devotions, than in impious and useless recriminations, the latter saying that, on his part at least, the going to sea at all was a tempting of Providence, as he had a wife and three little children, who he feared, after this night, would be left destitute upon the world, and vowing that, if it was his lot ever to set his foot on terra firma again, he would leave the sea to those that liked it. We got our plate and glass replenished, and leaving three of them groaning and the other three at their devotions, lighted another cigar, and went upon deck to ascertain why the vessel was now riding so smoothly; we had been in the dark some time, and in the darkness vainly attempted to solve the problem—the wind was apparently as high and the sea as rough as ever, yet the water broke more rarely over the vessel, and she rode more easily. We were unwilling to break the charm that appeared to us enhanced by silence in asking any question of the pilot, who was now alone on the quarter deck, until we had resolved in our mind every possible reason without being able to convince ourselves of the solvency of any of them, when, turning to the pilot, we were informed that, upon getting to Ailsa, the channel appeared so rough as to make it dangerous to continue longer to bear up against it, and that the helm had been put up and the vessel brought round—that we were now running for Lambash Bay—that the commotion in the cabin had been caused by two tremendous seas which had struck the vessel in the act of putting round, and had almost foundered her. We continued our course for some time; the captain came on deck and asked whether or not the light had been seen—but was answered that it had not; from all the calculations that could be made, it was now thought we must be in the vicinity of Penda, but as no light could be seen on account of the darkness, it was judged advisable not to attempt Lambash, but to run for the Cambraes. Accordingly, the pilot steered for the channel, and about three

in the morning we thought the Cambre light ought to have been visible. However, it was not to be seen : there was a dark dull uncertain atmosphere hung around the quarter of the vessel, which told pretty surely that we were in the firth, yet not so surely as to make it certain ; and as the proving of it with the wind blowing so fresh from the south might bring instant destruction, it was judged advisable not to attempt the bay, but again to put about the helm, set the bow of the vessel to the wind, and beat down the channel a second time, in order to wait for daylight, as it appeared the only hope that we had of the vessel being able to hold out.

The wind still continued from the same point, and the little steamer gallantly held on her way. We descended to the cabin, but all was gloomy silence and darkness : physical fatigue had overcome mental fear, and the passengers were all, if not sleeping, at least quietly dozing in their beds ; we lighted another cigar, buttoning our coat close to the neck and wrapping our cloak more firmly about our body, and again hied ourselves upon deck. The night was now so dark, that we could not see two feet in advance, and the vessel was steered alone by the compass in the binnacle, the light of which threw a death-like glare on the face of the man at the wheel. The funnel was vomiting forth flame like a volcano, but even this was insufficient to illuminate the vessel itself, as the spars, rigging, and paddle-boxes were perfectly invisible, and no point to be seen from the quarter-deck, but the red mouth of the glowing funnel.

No light or living thing was seen by our forlorn ship in that awful night. She went scudding along, as if she had been a thing not of this earth, and we joyed in the freedom that she then possessed from all harm, from all help, from all responsibility, and from all human ken. At last the Peak of Ailsa again appeared—the storm blew as hard as ever—what was to be done ?—she durst not venture beyond it—the helm was again put up, and the vessel put round, and we for the second time attempted to enter Lambash Bay, but to have done more than attempt it would have been certain destruction ; so for Cambraes we again made sail, but with no better effect ; we could see no light—we saw a dark indistinct horizon, and we had a guess from the compass, and the distance we had run, where we were. So as it could not want more than an hour of sunrise, it was judged better to make in the direction of Rothsay Bay. We accordingly rounded the point of little Cambraes, and were just passing the point of Lomond as the sun began to appear through the spray, and about nine in the morning we cast anchor in the bay. A boat was soon alongside, and with the exception of the poor lieutenant, we all embarked in her for the shore—the poor fellow wished to keep himself select, and therefore remained on board in single blessedness—we, on the contrary, got into Mr. Porbindal's Inn, and there had a jolly good breakfast, not one of us eating less than nine whittings and six eggs, not to mention cups of coffee and bread. Breakfast being finished, we got upon the top of the chapel hill, and really the day looked most beautiful, and we saw with regret the signal made of hauling up the anchor ; we accordingly repaired on board, but did not sail for nearly two hours, during which time we amused ourselves by playing at pitch and toss on the quarter deck, in which all joined but the poor lieutenant, who de-

clared such a method of amusement to be vulgar and out of place. We cared little for himself, and less for his opinion, and managed to amuse ourselves thus pretty well until mid-day, when the gale having apparently abated, we got up the anchor and again stood out to sea. During an hour or two the wind had fallen, and as the vessel had nothing to contend with but the swell, she was enabled to get on pretty well; but a little after ten, it again began to blow hard, and by four was a perfect hurricane. We had seen few of the steerage passengers during the day, and we proposed that a visit should be paid them—a call of ceremony merely. The stomach was pleaded as an excuse, and we were left alone to go with the captain, and see how they were faring. As we entered, down the narrow stairs, the steam that ascended was of so rank and noxious a nature that we had nearly stopped short in our intention. The steerage floor was covered with men, women, and children, stretched at full length, not in parallel lines, but “*higgledy piggledy*,” for the greater part sick and groaning, and a few of them vomiting. The seats round about were covered with those who had been so fortunate as to procure the elevation, from which the roll of the vessel was occasionally pitching its possessor down upon his more humble bedfellow, while the table was covered by an old man lying on his back and snoring loudly, with his two hands clutching firmly the two sides, to prevent his abdication.

In one of the side rooms were three old women, drinking what they called tea out of an old black pot—they had but one cup between them—and it was in the form of a dirty, rusty-looking tin jug. Two or three men were sitting on the seat, resting their head and arm upon the table, and fast asleep. In the other room were a party of drunk bacchanalians carousing away over their porter, and singing so loudly that, had it not been for the storm, they might have been heard on the quarter-deck; while, looking further forward, we saw, amidst the indistinct gloom of the lamp which hung above, a pair of bright eyes—not sleeping, but wandering wildly around; it was a young mother suckling her infant child. What a scene for pity! Young, beautiful, poor-looking, and a mother, with a child at her breast, sitting in the carousing-room of an Irish steam-boat steerage, in one of the wildest nights that ever blew, with those around her who appeared more like fiends than men. We appealed to the carousers, if it would not do honour to an Irishman’s heart to move to the other room, and rather disturb the old beldames at their tea than the young mother with her child, and the appeal had not to be repeated. She asked us, if we would not consider it too much, that she would feel thankful for a glass of porter; that she had come on-board the boat imagining that one day would suffice; that her little stock of provisions was exhausted; neither did she feel inclined to eat, but, for the sake of her babe, she would like a drink of porter. She said she had applied to the steward, but found his price beyond her means. The steward was hailed, and the porter produced. We joined her in the finishing of it, and were pleased to see what an effect it had in rendering what was purely a pretty and interesting face yet more beautiful and interesting. We asked her, what could induce her to place herself in such a situation. She said, that about five years before that time she had been married to a worker in one of the large bleaching-fields in the north of Ireland; that they

lived happy and contented for two years—so very comfortable, indeed, that they got discontented, and thought they would be better elsewhere; that three years ago they had gone over to Scotland, where her husband had not succeeded in getting constant employment, and that he had a few months ago gone back to his native place, leaving her in Scotland; that she had subsisted by her needle, and by washing linen, and managed to keep her family, consisting of two boys and a girl, besides the one at her breast, from starving; that her husband had sent for her, and that she was now on her way to meet him; that her whole stock of money had been four shillings and tenpence, three shillings of which she had reserved for her fare, and laid in a stock of provision and cordials for the voyage with the remainder. She said, if once back to her native place, that no power on earth would ever force her to leave it; that we saw her condition, but we could not imagine what she had suffered the night before, and was then suffering,—during the previous night, she had been in the steerage, sitting upon the floor with her children around her, sick, wearied, and ill-natured; that having no one to protect her, she had been much annoyed by her fellow-passengers, until she had threatened to break the skulls of some of them with an empty bottle she held in her hand; that when the morning came, and her fellow-passengers went on deck, she had gathered her children, and placed them below the table where she was sitting, and having taken up the slop pail, she believed she would have been sick was it not for the fear she had of her fellow-passengers, but that the sea in all its fury below, and the wind whistling above, was not so frightful as her present unprotected state. We sat for nearly an hour listening to her tale. We gave her another bottle of porter and a few shillings; and when we rose to come way, we left her, to appearance, the only waking eye in that crowded steerage. The old women were sleeping on the effects of the tea, and the Bacchanalians were snoring upon that of the poteen. The poor mother alone was waking, attending to her children, and thinking of their father, enjoying, doubtless, bright and beautiful dreams of the future amid the phantoms that hope would not fail to raise, notwithstanding the misery and wretchedness which was strewn around the parent.

After the sun had set, we found the fog increase so much as to prevent our attempting the channel in that state of the weather; and as Landach Bay lay before us, we entered, and came to anchor amid a great many lights—some of them, it is true, but dimly seen in the fog, but serving to tell that there were others there in the same condition. We rode very smoothly in the bay, notwithstanding the storm blowing outside, and dinner was soon on the table. After dinner we got on shore, and found a good many sailors, captains, &c. strolling about the few houses. A piper was sent for; we took possession of a house that had no lock upon the door, and in a little all thoughts of the sea and its dangers were gone. We were dancing like as many crickets, and the only thing we wanted to make us happy was a few more of the fairer sex, as the greater part of us had to make partners in the dance of those of our own sex. About ten o'clock at night, we repaired on board our own vessel: where the other dancers went to we cannot tell—we suppose on board their own vessels—we never saw any of them before nor

since, and would hardly know them even if we were to meet. Some of them, doubtless, found a watery grave, as several of the vessels that left that bay next day were never more heard of. The steward found an old pack of cards, and we sat down to play, first one game and then another, until two in the morning, when we agreed to give it up for the night. Upon then going on deck, we found that the weather had entirely changed: the moon was bright; the sky was clear, and studded with thousands of sparkling stars; the bay appeared one quiet sheet of glass, broken only by the dark hulls of the many wind-bound ships that sought a shelter in her bosom. We wrapped ourselves up in our cloaks, and lay down upon the deck on our backs, and, contemplating the scene above, contrasting the calmness of this night with the roughness of the former, fell fast asleep, and awakened not until aroused by the hoisting of the anchor at eight bells.

Upon getting out of the bay, we found the wind blowing still right a-head. We had also a considerable fall of snow, and the air became piercing cold. It appeared, as we laboured against the wind for the forenoon, that we were never destined to reach our port; we got wearied of the cold wind, and descending below stuffed up all the cabin windows, and, filling the stove full of coals, wrapped our cloaks around us, and had soon the satisfaction of making it comfortable. Dinner was now out of the question, as we had not wherewithal to make a dinner of; so, contenting ourselves with a lunch, we lay down and fell fast asleep; nor did we wake until three in the afternoon, when we found ourselves entering Belfast Loch. We then fully expected to land that night, but the fog closed around us, and we were at seven o'clock at night obliged again to cast anchor, although we knew we could not be more than four miles from Belfast. We endeavoured, by shouting, to get a boat to come off from the shore, but to no purpose. About ten o'clock at night, the fog cleared away, and we could distinctly see the lights on the quay. We then offered the sailors of the steamer a handsome fare to take us up. The captain said, they might take the boat if they liked. They said that nothing but necessity could tempt them to venture upon such a dangerous place as Belfast Loch at night in a small boat. We were obliged to content ourselves in our billet, and pass the evening the best way we could, by relating hair-breadth escapes and perils by sea and land, until the drowsy god arrived about ten in the morning, and clasped us in his arms. When we awoke, the sun was shining brightly, and we were moored at Belfast Quay in safety.

SON OF THE STRANGER.

Son of the stranger, whence and where,
 With thine eyes of fierce despair?
 Whither bent, and who art thou?—
 The dog-star's gloom is on thy brow!

Camest thou from Moslem's soil,
 Where liberty is bondsman's coil?
 Where Freedom was, but is not now?—
 The stamp of Fame is on thy brow!

Stranger, bringest thou from far
 The blade whose flash was seen in war?
 An arm that, nerv'd 'gainst tyrants' vow,
 Own'st the bright manhood of thy brow?

Wilt thou stand by freedom's cause,
 Despite the Muscovite's applause?
 And wilt thou hail avenging war
 With thy patriot heart—from far?

Thy Father Land! Whence camest thou?
 Poland's glory plumes thy brow!
 Doubly dear thy clime to me—
 A curse on Calmuc tyranny!

Thy words are few—thou speakest not—
 Has England Poland's throes forgot?
 Will martial France—that victim state—
 Not say to *thee*—"Arise! Awake!"

Alas for Freedom and her sons,
 Whose glory midnights Wellington's:
 Alas for bald-head tyranny—
 The heartless pride of victory.

Where are your vagrant Cæsars now—
 The chiefs of Greece, with laurelled brow?
 All shrunk into a shameful pass—
 Not thine—not thine—Leonidas!

No: thine should ever seem to be
 The heaven below of victory.
 Cambyzes never tried his hand
 In war upon old Parga's strand.

Had Picton lived, and lived to fight,
The "Emperor" had seen new light :
That spark of fire which Polish youth
Kindles in every breast of truth.

Had Brunswick's lord escaped the ball
That scorch'd his blood before his fall—
Throughout the isles the cry of "woe!"
Had rent the air—"weep, Waterloo!"

Brave Polander ! thy country's mine—
Her soil, immortal. Fill with wine !—
Immortal shines her stolen gem
Alone which gilds his diadem.

Drink deeper still. Murder is rife,
When Russian serfs promote the strife ;
And Catherine may well demand
The bloody knife, the gory hand.

And Paul, the wisest of those fools—
At best but kindred tyrants' tools—
May well deserve our brave disgust,
While his own dagger eats its rust.

But where walks he, miscalled the great,
Whose pride and power endured defeat ?
Do the be-fabled, mad-brained shades
Preserve his spirit, or—Jack Cade's ?

Osiris' darkness glooms that soil
Where riots still on human spoil
Earth's tyrant, man : those vampire kings
With whose "vain words" all Europe rings.

Fill up the chalice ! Let it pass
As quickly as your bright cuirass
Into the cold Siberian breast
Of him—who owns vile slavery's crest.

Divine refresher ! wine, bright wine !
Thou crown'st the spell of love divine ;
On earth beneath, e'en tyranny
Dare not usurp—dear woman's plea.

Poland ! for thee shall *we* despair ?
Or shall we toast all patriots there ?
The Eagle of the Sun is ours—
A righteous cause and heavenly powers.

SEMPER FIDELIS.

THE FIRST VIOLET.

BY THOMAS MILLER, BASKET-MAKER.

BUT ever and anon of griefs subdued,
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
 And slight withal may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
 Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
 A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

CHILDE HAROLD.

Our thoughts thread strange labyrinths, windings intricate, and mazes unknown even to the will. They are indeed the only free denizens that roam unchecked down the dark slopings which lead to the untrodden avenues of the past. They alone dare to climb the cloud clothed battlements, that look over the dim distance of the future: they see the mist, the dense gathering, the faint gold-bursting that announces sunshine, or the blackness that heralds the thunder-storm. Restless when the body sleeps, they wing away through the pale starlight of memory; they traverse dreary shores, wildernesses, desolate and wild places, peopled with the distorted shadows of wilder realities. When awake, like restive steeds, they start aside at objects that rear up on every hand, and bound away over immeasurable plains, sweeping earth, air, and sky, and even daring to heed the vapoury track over which Time has hurried.

We find monitors in every thing around us. The slow-pacing silvery cloud, as it glides, spirit-like, over the blue fields of heaven, brings before our eyes the white-robed idol of our youth, and we sigh to see it vanish like the object we adored. The murmuring river, sweeping along in liquid music between its willow-waving banks, rolls away like our cherished hopes, and is lost amid the forgetfulness of the ocean. Even music is heard with a sigh; though it awakens the echo of the eternal hills, it dies heavily upon the heart, like the sweet voices that have for ever faded away from our hearth. The dancing leaf falls on our footpath, and its green beauty is soon worn away, like the happiness of childhood. Flowers wither, and friends grow cold. The hope of spring too soon bursts into the reality of summer; then comes the staid autumn, solemnly demure, and her heavy eyes are fixed upon the darkness of winter. Still there are patches of sunlight in our paths—tiny glades, which no gloomy umbrage overhangs—spots in the unfathomable dreari-

ness of the forest, where we may sit down for a moment and smile, ere we resume our journey through the deep solitudes.

I was born at the foot of the green hills. The silence of woods, and the overhanging of antique boughs, were but a little distance from my home. The song of the cuckoo often rang above my roof-tree. Meadows, rainbow-coloured with flowers, spread out near my dwelling. The silver Trent wound along past my door. The crown-rose of the whole wreath has not to me charm enough to inspire a sonnet. But last spring, heavy with care, bowing beneath the cypress, which now binds the poet's brow in place of the laurel, I emerged from the dusty din of the metropolis, and wandered among those few green fields, which yet spread like solitary oases around its environs. Many a dreary day had glided by, bearing its leading links along, since I had seen a budding hawthorn. Oh! how sweetly came the fragrance of that morning air! The birds that sang around me felt not a greater thrill of delight than that which gushed silently from my heart; I gazed upon the clear sky, and the young green that carpeted the earth, and wondered how, amid so much beauty and brightness, sorrow dared to set her bleeding feet on such a lovely world.

Wandering along by an old hedge, stunted and ivied, (just such a hedge as the blackbird would select, in a more retired place, to build its firm nest,) I discovered a wild violet. By a mossy bank it grew; the dead leaves lay around it, solitary, and blue, and beautiful; not another companion near, it stood alone amidst the bursting of young leaves and the decay of the old ones. I sat down beside it. A little brook gurgled at my feet,—a low faint melody just audible, not the glad singing of the hill-brook, but a mournful murmur, a sound that well accorded with my solitary violet. Had there been a bed of those lovely flowers, I should have wished for the singing voice of a river, all silver and sunshine; but the brook had a low sound, and there was but one violet. I sat in silence, and gazed upon it; I wondered if the deep alleys in Somerbywood yet contained those sweet flowers. I thought of my old schoolmistress,—I saw her again seated on the sunny bank; I brought her a handful of the newly-gathered treasures,—she chaunted me the old ballad of "Queene Eleonore." The rest of my little schoolfellows were chasing each other round the old oak trees. The wood rose before me, the very fir where the stock-dove sat cooing, tapering and dark. Then the scene changed, and I was in an ancient chapel, amid windows, where saints and glories, and the flooding crimson of *gules*, gorgeous in the shields of azure and gold, threw a rich light upon the wicked Queen. And there a King "looked a grim look," upon the trembling Earl Marshal, and frowned forgiveness. Poor old Deborah, she has long been dead! no more shall the speed I made, when running thy errands, tempt those withered lips to chaunt another ballad. The violets now spring up, un-gathered by thy trembling hand. "Ah!" thou didst say, "when I was a young lass, we used to gather violets, every spring, and put them amongst our clothes, and stick them in our hair, and make ourselves as smart as you please, when we went to meet our sweethearts." And then I looked at thee, and at thy skinny arms and wrinkled face, and the few silver hairs that escaped from under thy coal-skoop-like bonnet, and I wondered how fourscore years could sweep over thee, and not

wear away all traces of thy early love. No! Deborah, they could not,—thou hadst always a smile and a tear for the first violet.

A solitary flower, a sweet violet, how small a key, opens the door of memory! how, the veil rolled from the face of time, the gray, the forgotten years moved before me! I became a youth;—Park—house—fields—rose upon my sight; a lovely girl hung upon my arm—she bore a basket; now her face was hidden by the stem of a mighty tree, again her white kirtle faintly glanced between the thick underwood, as she flew from my side in search of violets; anon she emerged from behind the broom-covered bank, then stood like an angel of light between me and the sky. And then I closed the leaves on Comus, and we listened in the old wood for another voice,

“To smooth the raven down of darkness till it smil’d.”

And trees started into enchanters, and spirits sung in the brook. We saw their long hair wave in the water-flags. Then we grew bold, and threaded “lanes and alleys green.” Then I stole away, not far, just so far as to see her lovely figure hurrying to and fro, and calling upon my name; then she sat down in despair on the green moss, her white drapery—

“made sunshine in a shady place;”

and I thought of Una. A knot of wild lilies of the valley shot up beside her, like a milk-white lamb. Then I stole gently up to her, “How could you leave me;” I looked on her sweet face, on her gentle eyes, as they were uplifted in kind reproach, just reaching the margin of tears, and my heart reproached me, and I wondered how I could leave her for a moment; then I bound our violets in little bundles, and she soon forgave me: oh, I could have hidden myself behind the trees again, to be so sweetly forgiven! But she left me,—Death stole her,—how I have hated him ever since! And the dead leaves that were strewn around my lonely violet, seem neat emblems for a thing so lovely,—for then I thought of her. No, those bright leaves that glittered round the stalk of my little flower, were not so sunny as her silken locks; nay, the blue of her eye would shame the flower’s radiance, and her lips—so exquisite! and to die so young! and with her heart filled with love! Oh! I would sooner that spring had withheld its flowers for ever! the sweetest violet that ever blowed withered when she died,—the woods will never bear such another!

A little flower had assumed the reins of my thoughts;—how feeble a charioteer can drive the fancy! Within one short hour I had visited the old forest of Sherwood. Robin Hood, in his garb of Lincoln green, followed by his many outlaws, had swept before me. The bugle had sounded through the glimmering glades, and rude drinking-horns were seen waved to and fro by powerful arms, keeping chorus to the loud “Derry Down” that rang beneath the greenwood tree.

The dark groves of Newstead had again risen before the Arcady of England, where the mighty-minded Byron had so often trod. Again I traversed those violet-scattered solitudes, again paced the long oaken galleries of that ancient abbey, lifted his skull-cup to my lips, rugged with the dregs of the blood-red wine, seeing the smooth lakes on whose surface he loved to ride, or within their sullen depths to plunge. The ruined window, with its eternal ivy; the old fountain, with its quaint

imagery, the solemn cloisters, the rusted armour, the satyrs partly covered with the green moss—his impressive portrait above the wide fireplace,—had all risen before me as distinctly as when I first saw them.

That simple violet brought the velvet valley of Sneinton before my mind's eye,—the rocky hermitage, the flowery banks, on which I loved to sit and angle in the sunrise of morning, or the gray twilight of eve. The finny-tribe had but few charms for me, unless it was to see them leap up and scatter the loosened silver spray of the river, like fairy-stars in the sunshine, then glide away beneath the clear water. The dreaming trees, the distant hills basking in their variegated beauty, the rustling of slender flags, the rising and falling of the water-lilies, the breeze sweeping across the long grass, the tall willows bending to their own shadows in the river, the slow clouds mirrored below—all these were sights and sounds that accorded well with my varying moods. Then those dead leaves so closely surrounding an object of beauty! Oh, how like past pleasures they seemed,—the dark night closing upon a sunny day, the grave surmounting a flower-bed, the bier placed in a ball-room, the funereal bell knelling homeward the wedding party, the slow muffled footsteps of death stealing noiselessly behind us!

What changes had taken place since I last saw a violet. Could I forget the dark room, the narrow window on which the sunbeams beat not, lest they should become prisoners. Hope had whispered me away from my green hills; ambition had allured me from my quiet woods; and they had all forsaken me—even Patience grew wearied with long watching, and bent over the pale paper her paler cheek. But memory went not away: she still recognised the blue sky and the bright sunshine, and sighed when she thought on such mornings. How fair the primroses grew in Clifton Grove; what a gushing of song there was then in the green woods; how the sunshine slept upon the river; how the happy breezes were laden with the perfume of violets. Then rose the blossoming hawthorn, the hill-side white with daisies, the golden glow of king-cups, the gaudy beds of crocusses;—all these still existed. And even their light hearts and merry voices, were ringing through the haunts of the dove—Dryads fair as those which peopled the forests of poetry. Perchance they were singing the songs which I had woven in my happier days.

And could they think of me? wish me seated on the well-known bark, beneath the old oak. There was pleasure in the thought—the dingy couch, the torn dictionary, the neglected candle, that had burnt down unwatched in the moments of wandering thought; the expiring fire, with its dying embers; the low chilly feeling that follows a sleepless night; the pile of paper, showing confusedly its rows of scribbled lines; voices in the streets; the sun struggling through a murky atmosphere;—form gloomy contrasts to the little window in which the woodbine peeped. When free from care and refreshed with slumber, the lark awoke us with its song, when the woods emerged from their misty canopy, and the early breeze brushed the gentle dew from the leaves; when contentment smoothed our pillow, and the white wings of peace wafted us into slumber; when we heard not a mournful sound in the brook, and sorrow came not at the sight of the first violet.

A VISION.

OF vampires, goblins, ghosts that fright
Sweet timid girls, at dead of night,
And through their chambers for to walk
Forthwith their love-sick hearts to talk.

'Twas fairest Anne, around the fire —
Its light did faintly gleam—
Told this vision, dark and dire,
Of a vampire she had seen.
Anne to scan
Thus began :

One night I had a frightful dream,
And heard a piercing shriek
And saw a vampire's ghastly mien,
All withered, pale, and weak :

Its brow was of a sickly hue ;
Its eyes with ulcers sore ;
Upon its lips a clammy dew,
And clotted o'er with gore.

Methought it held a taper flame,
Which shewed its tainted skin ;—
I saw its meagre livid frame,
And saw its ghastly grin.

At first it gave a dismal groan,
Mysterious to my ear,
And next it gave a lonely moan,
Which filled my breast with fear.

Thrice it gave a mournful cry,
And thrice a hideous scream ;
And when it did approach me nigh,
It woke me from my dream.

'Twas midnight when I heard its yell,
And faintly could I trace
Its hollow voice—I knew the knell,
'Twas Oscar's pallid face.

Its eyeballs from their sockets wild
 Stared at me, fierce and red ;—
 I shuddered like an infant child,
 And many a tear I shed.

It tried to clasp me in its arms,
 My virgin blood to sip ;
 My heart it overcame with qualms,—
 I dashed away its lip.

And then it raised its livid crest,
 And terribly did say,
 " You never shall be at rest,
 Fair Maid,—with me away.

" This gloomy hour, I come to tell
 Your fearful heart betide ;
 Away, away !—I break the spell,
 I claim you as my bride."

" What ! claim me as your bride," lisp'd I,
 " You ghastly ugly sprite !
 My beauty tempt, and nature try,
 At this mid hour of night !

" Vain monster, hence, be off and fly !
 I sicken to be thine ;
 With chastity I do defy
 The threats you now divine.

" Nay ! honour, wisdom,—I'm too proud
 To be betrothed to thee."
 " 'Tis false," the demon roar'd aloud,
 " Thou art betrothed to me."

" Oh fiend !" I said, " be calm, be still,
 You never can claim me ;"—
 " Yes, claim you always, 'gainst your will,
 When you least expect me.

Upon your bridal morn I'll come,
 My claim will never falter ;
 My visage you can never shun ;
 I'll claim you at the altar."

A light blue flame lit up the night,
 The vampire vanish'd from my sight ;
 Methought it had my blood to sip,
 And left a taint upon my lip ;
 And oh ! to wipe away its stain,
 A madness seized my heated brain ;

A mist came o'er my startled eye,
I fainted, fell!—methought, I die!

Oh no!

A hectic flush ran o'er my cheek;
I sighed,—and next began to weep:—
I liv'd;—and now with friends to dwell;—
This vision of my brain to tell:
And breaking from my languid frame,
Methought I spoke—and thus
I spoke again,

Oh! when the dark nights come on,
And dreary hours beside,
How sad to hear the midnight tongue,
Whispering;—"Away, my bride!"

And in the gay and festive dance,
When mirth and joy abound,
To see its meagre form advance,
To fright me and confound.

And through my sleepless nights to hear
It breathing out to me,
That I by force must be its dear,
And never to be free.

And in my lonely hours at home
Inflict a cureless wound;—
My sisters they will hear it come,
A hollow, death-like sound.

It matters not—at ball or play,
Or 'mid the giddy throng,
My spirits never can be gay,
Shock'd by its fiend-like tongue.

Deep wrinkles to my brow 'twill bring,
And misery and care;
And leave behind a bitter sting,
To haunt me every where.

Where'er I go, by force or choice,
No earthly power can save
Me from the terror of its voice,—
'Twill haunt me to my grave.

B.

NOTES OF A TOWN TRAVELLER.

"Truth is strange,
Stranger than fiction."

LORD BYRON.

THE VICTIM.

I WAS sitting in a corner of the traveller's room, at a small inn on the road to Northampton, comfortably smoking my pipe, and carelessly listening to the conversation held by my fellow travellers, about five or six in number, when one of them, a very genteel-looking man, of the middle age, suddenly rose out of his seat, and after a few *hems* and *has* to gain the attention of the company, said, "Gentlemen"—

"Hear, hear," responded those around him.

"You've each told some wonderful tale to-night, gentlemen," continued he, "and I have listened to them with pleasure; because I believe them to be true, though I must confess some of the situations were, in my opinion, mighty marvellous."

"Oh, oh!"

"Now, gentlemen, what I am going to relate to you, is not an everyday occurrence, simply because it happened to me in the night."

"Morrison's pills!" whispered one.

"I was travelling from Devonshire to London, in the year 1794, in the month of December. On the first day's journey, I arrived, about nightfall, at a small inn, or rather public-house, the only habitation of the kind for ten miles round. It being a dark winter's night and a heavy shower of rain coming on at the same time, I was glad enough, as you may suppose, to meet with this accommodation, bad as it seemed. After seeing my horse and gig put into safe and happy keeping, I entered the traveller's room, as they were pleased to call it, but which to me, having been accustomed to the delightful and roomy parlours in London, appeared nothing better than a common tap or pot room. A bright fire was burning in the grate, which in some degree compensated for the shabbiness of the room, but which sadly contrasted with the dark features of three men, who were sitting in the farther corner.

"I cannot say that I am an extraordinarily brave man, nor do I think I am actually a coward; but I must confess, the appearance of these men threw a damp upon my spirits and I almost began to wish I had gone on to the village, notwithstanding the rain.—I rang the bell.

"Waiter, bring me a glass of brandy and water and a pipe."

"'Yes, sir,' replied a grinning dirty-faced bumpkin, who I suppose on occasions served as waiter, ostler, and every thing.

"'Damned unfortunate!' exclaimed one of the men in an under-tone,

though sufficiently audible for me to hear him; 'no other way but through the window,'—and then they all fixed their eyes upon me.

"I shivered—cold sweat ran down my forehead—my knees knocked against each other, and I positively believe I could have fainted, and indeed perhaps I should have done so, had I not at the moment tossed off nearly the whole of the brandy and water.

" 'Well,—it can't be helped,—must be so,—and damn me, if I care who knows it;' exclaimed the same man, as he, with the other two rose to leave the room.

" 'Good night, sir,' they all gruffly exclaimed, as they passed me.

" 'Good night, gentlemen,' said I, 'a wet walk home, I fear.'

" 'Oh! we have not got far to go,' replied one. 'Where's my dog?—Bess, have you seen my dog?'—he continued, as he shut the door upon me, and addressed himself to some personage at the bar. I heard no more.—I was alone. I filled my pipe, and having desired the boy to replenish my glass, I turned my chair round, and seated myself in front of the fire.

" 'Dog!'—'far to go!'—'window!'—I pondered in my mind. Ominous words!—oh, I'm marked!—I'm a victim!—going to be murdered—butchered in cold blood!—pleasant reflection. I sipped my brandy and water. What's to be done, thought I,—I've no fire-arms about me; never carried any!—I've no doubt but that one of them has already gone off with my horse and gig!—oh! what a miserable dog I am.

"I was about to rise in order to see if my predilections were in truth realized, when a gentle voice suddenly arrested my attention.

" 'Would you like to have a pan of coals run through your bed, if you please, sir?'

" 'Eh!'—I turned round, gentlemen.—As pretty a little flower as ever you would wish to set eyes on, stood before me. Rich tresses of the deepest jet flowed gracefully about her neck,—eyes, dark,—face, beautifully fair,—figure, splendid. I'm no poet,—but, positively, her *tout ensemble* beggared all description. This was the glance of a moment.

" 'Somehow or other, I have a great horror of a pan of coals; I don't know why, but so it is,—and I modestly replied, 'Thank you, my dear,—you are very kind, but when travelling, I never accustom myself to it, and therefore, my dear—'

"She had got her answer, and was leaving the room. To lose the society of so charming a creature in such a dull place, and so soon too, was more than my weak nerves, from the state they were then in, could support. I looked at my watch,—stammered out—'My dear!'—she returned.

" 'My name is Betsy, if you please, sir,' she blushing replied, which made her look ten times more beautiful.

" 'Well, then, Betsy, my dear. You are a—very—pretty girl.'

" 'Gentlemen, you will recollect I had taken two glasses of strong brandy and water.

" 'Did you please to want anything, sir?'

" 'Yes, my dear;—I want a kiss from those sweet coral lips of your's.'

" 'Do you?' exclaimed a stentorian voice, as the door opened, and in walked a tall powerful-looking fellow, whom I had not had the pleasure

of seeing before. 'What are you doing here, Bess—can't Lukin answer the bell? Come, trudge off, and go to bed. As for you, sir,' he continued, turning to me, and looking as fierce as a tiger, 'if you don't know how to behave in a body's house on the roadside, you'll find some one, perhaps, who will teach you, and that in a very short time.'

"I could almost fancy I saw the blade of the dagger glittering before me;—the ill-omened words rushed to my recollection;—new fuel seemed added to the flame.—'That in a very short time.'

"The appearance of the men, their coarse manners, the loneliness of the house—nay, every thing, tended to confirm my suspicions. The poor girl, too! some deluded victim, no doubt, brought from London. Romances, legends of old, in which I had read, in my boyhood, of bravos capturing princesses, and obliging helpless beauty to serve them as their cup-bearer, and in some instances to become their wife, in a moment rushed to my imagination. I shuddered at the thought. Could such a creature as Bessy be the wife of such a wretch?—There was a modesty, a purity in her manners, which plainly convinced me she was not his sister, and, by her features, no relation.

"Brought back, as it were, to a sense of honour, from the stern manner in which I had been addressed, I blamed myself for the inconsiderate manner I had acted towards her, and I now thought, had I pursued a different course when she first entered the room, I might have learned her history, perhaps saved her from a life of misery and shame, and myself from being murdered. It was now eleven o'clock—the door opened, and Lukin entered.

"'Your light, sir,' meaning my bed-candle. 'What time would your honour like to be called in the morning? Being such a quiet place, gentlemen who stop here generally sleeps *very long*.' I thought I could distinguish a smile of triumph on the fellow's lip.

"'Indeed!' I replied.

"He was leaving the room, but before he reached the door, suddenly turning round—

"'Oh! I beg pardon, sir,' he said, 'but master—that is, as how, master's son,—the old gentleman's up stairs, laid up with the gout—'

"'Oh! the person whom I saw just now was your master's son, eh?'

"'Yes, sir, Master Gregory. He desired I to say he hoped as how you wouldn't be very much offended with what he had said just now; he's had one or two friends here to-day, sir, and they've had a little brandy together.' The latter part of the sentence was said in a half-whisper, as an excuse for his master's abrupt address to me.

"'Well,' I replied.

"'He begged I to say, sir, that if you would have no objection, the old gentleman would take a bit of a lift with you in the morning.'

"'Oh! no objection in the least;' I quickly replied. My spirits began to revive. After all, they might be honest.

"'How far will he go?' I inquired.

"'As far as the church-yard, sir.' A sudden chill came over me.

"'He's going to try the change for the benefit of his health: his brother Nicholas—*Old Nick*, as I calls him, will be main glad to see him, I know; besides, it's *warmer* for the old gentleman a little way *below* there, and young master thinks as how he'll be better able to keep

up his *spirits* there than up here in this dull place, and as you was going that way too in the morning, he said, he thought he'd make bold to ask you.'

"I was standing with my back to the fire, holding the candlestick in my hand, as the fellow finished his tale, and glided out of the room. 'The rascal's been roasting me,' at length I exclaimed. 'He also is an accomplice. Alas!' I sighed as I left the room, 'no hope! no escape!'

"The lovely form of Bessy crossed me as I passed the bar. I would have apologised for my rude conduct, but that I saw the stern eye of Gregory fixed upon me. As it was, I simply and civilly wished her good night.

" 'Good night, sir.'

"Oh! the tone of her voice—the manner—the look she gave me, struck to my very heart-strings. I shall never forget it. 'This way, if you please, sir,' said a voice. It was Gregory's, and he led me to an inner room, separated only from the bar by a partition. Now, thought I, as I threw myself into a chair, 'what's to be done?' I had not an implement of defence about me, nor was there even so much as a poker in the room. Suddenly the words, '*Through the window!*' flashed across my mind. I examined it;—not a fastening of any kind about it; and, to add to the misfortune, it was a casement window reaching down to the ground—no shutters, and, in one or two instances, paper substituted for glass.

"By the side of the window, in a sort of recess, was a door which led—Heaven knows where; but it struck me, if I could but contrive to force it open, it might eventually lead me into the stable, where, with a very little difficulty, I could—But no; it resisted all my efforts, and I was compelled to leave my task unfinished. I took off my coat,—laid it upon the chair,—looked under the bed. All was safe there. I was just about to undo my straps, when suddenly I heard a low moaning, like the groans of a person struggling to shake off the weight which oppressed him. The noise evidently proceeded from the bed. Gracious God! I saw the bed clothes move! It's all over with me, thought I; and there I stood, in the attitude of taking off my straps, expecting every moment to see the floor open and the bed gradually descend. A growl—a shake,—the very clothes were moved, or were dragged off the bed. My head whizzed round like a teetotum; my eyes grew dim, and I was about to call out murder, when out jumped—Oh! God!—

" 'A man!' exclaimed the company.

" 'A dog!' reiterated the speaker. 'A damned large Newfoundland dog.'"

The company gave a hearty laugh. Fresh glasses were called for, and in a few minutes the gentleman resumed his story:—

"I was not long, you may be sure, gentlemen, in opening the door and letting the beast out. It was the animal before mentioned, and which, as I afterwards learnt, was very fond of taking a nap in that particular room, and on that particular bed. It had very ingeniously crept under the counterpane, which prevented my perceiving it when I first entered the room." The company smiled.

"I now hoped, indeed, to enjoy a little rest. All my fears seemed satisfied. Once more, however, I took a survey round the room, and then, consigning myself to the care of Providence, threw myself fearlessly on the bed.

"I had reposed in the soft embraces of Somnus about two hours—it might have been less,—when I was suddenly awoke by the noise of a scratching at the door by the side of the window. I looked,—could see nothing. The clouds were driving rapidly through the sky, and the pale moon, breaking at intervals from behind them, threw a fitful and uncertain light upon the spot. As it gleamed upon the old-fashioned walls, my fevered mind could almost discern the figures which were marked upon the paper, dancing before, sometimes throwing up their hands as if in triumph at my capture, and at others beckoning me by various gestures and grimaces to follow them. Again I heard the noise,—it now proceeded from the window! I fell back, and lay for some time in a breathless suspense. How, gentlemen, how shall I describe to you my astonishment, my agony, when on again opening my eyes I beheld the figure of a man standing before the window? By his dress, and the light of the moon which shone directly upon him, I easily recognized him to be one of the three before spoken of. He was beckoning to the others. The window presently opened! In about a minute, the other two men appeared, carrying what seemed to me to be the body of a man. Oh! thought I, how easily now can I account for the use of that door. It is into that cell they convey the bodies of their murdered victims! Alas! how soon might I be one of the number! and I felt as if I could freely and without a murmur have given up every farthing about me, if gain was their purpose, so would they spare my life. My heart almost came up into my mouth; there was a choaking in my throat,—I could scarcely breathe. They entered the room. The first was furnished with a dark lantern, and led the way to the door.

"'Hush! softly! This way, my boys; the chap's sure to be asleep by this time.'

"He took from his pocket a key, unlocked the door, and they all three entered the place. 'Now,' thought I, 'now is the time,'—and I was about to spring out of the bed and lock the door upon them; when I perceived by the light of their lantern they had deposited their burden, and were returning. 'Lord have mercy upon me!' I inwardly prayed. They approached my bed,—my eyes involuntarily closed,—I saw no more, I heard no more. I was gone—fast—dead as a door-nail! How long I had remained in this happy trance, I know not; but when I again opened my eyes, how changed was the scene!

"It was a fine beautiful morning,—the sun was riding high and gilding with its brightest beams the prospect around. I was soon dressed and in the parlour. Breakfast was brought in by Lukin, who, with one of his usual grins, said, 'Master Gregory would be happy to speak with your honour, if as how your honour could spare him a moment.' I told him I was perfectly at leisure, and in a few moments the said Gregory appeared, bowing profoundly as he entered.

"'I beg pardon, sir,' he said, after satisfying himself no one besides ourselves was in the room,—'I beg pardon, but I hope you were not very much disturbed last night.'

“ ‘Why, not very,’ I replied, endeavouring to make the best of the matter, now that I had got safe through the night with my life, and even without the loss of a shilling. ‘And yet,’ I added, ‘there was something rather strange’—

“ ‘True, sir,’ interrupted Gregory, ‘we are honest enough with our travellers and customers, and try to serve them well, and I hope, sir, the brandy and water you tasted last night was to your liking.’ I replied in the affirmative.

“ ‘Well, sir,’ he continued, ‘that’s the way we live; we do a little in the smuggling way, and if any one’s robbed—it’s only the king.’

“ I expostulated with him on his want of judgment, in not having informed of this ere I went to bed; for, had I been provided with fire-arms, I should certainly have been inclined to have had *a pop* at one of them.

“ ‘You see, sir,’ he replied, ‘it happened very unfortunately for me, for Black Sam and his two mates had got a long keg of whiskey, of the first sort, on shore yesterday, and had agreed with me in the afternoon about price; and you know, sir, it is necessary for the safety of all parties, that such an article should be off their hands as soon as possible, and if I didn’t yield pretty quickly to their fancies, they would soon find a ready customer for their goods, and ten to one if they’d ever bring me another keg of whiskey or brandy. Now, you see, sir, that little cellar in your room is the only place in my house where I can stow any thing of the kind away,—for I don’t even let my boy, Lukin, know of our little trade, for it’s dangerous, as the old saying is, “to let too many cooks make the broth.” I tried to persuade them to leave it somewhere till you were gone; but no, they were obliged to be off to another place to-day. However, sir, I hope you’ll forget the circumstance, and pardon my boldness.’

“ Saying which, he made a low bow and withdrew.

“ Gentlemen, I could have brought forward many arguments against the impropriety of the affair,—but I was so satisfied with finding myself in *propria persona* again, that I freely forgave them all, and there was a frankness of manner about the fellow which pleased me vastly. He was certainly not that wretch I at first thought him to be. One only thought threw a momentary damp upon my joy. Where was Bessy? Her lovely image was still wandering in my mind. I had not seen her, and from motives of prudence, did not dare ask for her.

“ ‘Chaise is ready, sir—’ exclaimed a shrill little voice, and Lukin entered the apartment, bowing and scraping. ‘Every thing’s ready, your honour,—the wheels were main dirty,—but I’ve made ’em look as bright as a looking-glass, and the harness too, your honour.’

“ I took the hint, and threw him a shilling for himself, with which he appeared delighted.

“ ‘The old gentleman is not so well this morning, your honour,’ he continued, as he was leaving the room, ‘and Master Gregory thinks as how he’d better not attempt the journey. Mainly obliged at the same time, your honour.’

“ This last speech brought to my recollection the last night’s *roasting*, and I was glad to see the back of him.

“ ‘Here’s a small keg of brandy, sir,’ said the landlord, in a half M. M.—No. 2.

K

whisper, as I was stepping into my chaise, 'which the men left, with their compliments, for you, sir, as a small recompense for last night's business. They warrant it good. I think it will just go under the seat of your chaise,—and if you should, sir, at any time want a gallon or so for a friend or two, I hope you will not forget "The Hole in the Wall."'

"I thanked him—told him such a remuneration was quite unnecessary—promised the strictest secrecy,—and drove off.

"Gentlemen, my yarn's spun, as the old sailor says;—many years have passed since then,—to me many happy years. The old man shortly after died, leaving Gregory and Bessy, who was his cousin, the whole of his property between them. Gregory was wise enough to know when he had enough, and retired, a respectable man, in the County of Kent. As for Bessy"—

"Ah! what became of Bessy?" ejaculated the company at once.

"She soon got married," was the reply.

"Married!—to whom, to whom?" again exclaimed the gentlemen.

The speaker cast his eyes round the room,—took up his pipe,—and then resuming his seat,—modestly replied, "To myself, gentlemen!"

"Hurra! Bravo! Bravo!—To the health of Bessy! Hip! Hip! Hurra!"

POLAND RESTORED.

A SONNET.

[*Inscribed to Jacob Jones, Esq., Barrister at Law, author of "Poland is not yet Lost." By a Member of the Commons House of Parliament.*]

Nor, Bard sublime, alone!—a prophet true!

Thou shalt, anon—in euphonistic verse,

The joys restored of Poland's sons rehearse,

And wreaths of triumph o'er their path bestrew!

What! though auspicious gleams be dim and few,

Amid the blackness of appalling night,—

Though northern wintry storms their regions blight,—

And, in a death-like trance, their forms we view,—

Freedom and glory shall the silence break;

A patriot zeal lead on reviving day;

A genial Spring their winter chase away,

And to heroic deeds the brave shall wake!

Poland's dire fate invokes a glowing song,—

Strike, strike aloud the lyre! the thrilling tale prolong!

ROME AND HER CHURCH.

At a period like the present, when every part of this christianized empire may be said to be rife with "alarm," fearing as they do that the Papists, with their pontifical Monomaniac of Rome, may procure the religious ascendancy—for so long a period enjoyed by the Protestants of England under the sway of the princes of the house of Hanover,—we think we cannot show our regard for the National Church, which we venerate, the Protestantism which we revere, and the respect which we owe to the prejudice of the nation in favour of them more than by transferring to the pages of the "Monthly" the valuable contents of a discourse touching that important question, by the Rev. James Fordyce, D.D., the same having just been reprinted, with additions and corrections by the Rev. George Crookshank, A.B.*

The delusive and persecuting spirit of Popery seems to have counted on "better days," long ere the Bill for the emancipation of the Catholics passed the English parliament. Since that time, it is demonstrative that the Popish warfare has extended its baleful influence with untiring ardour and a pestilent secretness of purpose, which have aroused the timid to incessant watchfulness; the bold and competent, to openly and fearlessly expose the horrid trumpery of that ambitious, blood-thirsty church; to lay bare all and every "trick" which she so artfully and cunningly practises upon the ignorant and daily-tortured human victims who are found within her doleful pale. As a discourse, the one before us, to say the truth, is a most triumphant and scholarly essay; and one, too, which we beg our youthful clergy to make themselves acquainted with. The Rev. Editor, in his *introduction* to Dr. Fordyce's Essay, sensibly observes, that—

"The Editor having in his possession, among other original papers of Dr. James Fordyce, a copy of his Sermon upon 'the Delusive and Persecuting Spirit of Popery,' and, as it is one of the most powerful efforts of the author's pen, and sets forth, in the strongest and most forcible manner, the horrors so naturally to be dreaded from Catholic supremacy, and shows Papism in its true and natural colour, he attempts no apology to his readers for bringing it before them at the present season of just alarm.

"At an epoch like the present, when our church establishment, from the apathy of most of its members as to the question of Catholic claims, and from the unwearied and incessant attacks of its opponents, totters to its very foundation,—when *those very principles* which placed the reigning house of Hanover upon the throne of these realms are shaken,—when the very members of that constitution, *which, by law, is bound to support and maintain our temperate, but firm, ascendancy*, coalesce in lending the aid of their talents and their learning to under-

* Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

mine those pillars upon which rest the fairest and most beautiful of edifices—the Established Church of England,—when talent and genius, worth and understanding, condescend to become the advocates of superstition and idolatry, and strenuously labour to effect equality for those who were never known to rest content with it;—when things arrive at this alarming crisis, it behoves every honest man to stand forth, and endeavour, to the best of his ability, to avert from his country the horrors of monkish superstition and of papal idolatry.

“To all who would treat such fears and apprehensions as imaginary and ideal, the Editor recommends the calm perusal of the following Discourse: from it they will acquire sufficient information to guide them in forming an accurate opinion of the nature and temper of papal government, in temporal as well as in spiritual matters; and enable them to ascertain the objects which for centuries it has had in view, and the means and ways by which, without mercy or judgment, it has attempted to obtain them.

“The author, in this powerful and fearless exposure of the Romish church, its delusions, its impositions, and its unparalleled cruelties, has armed the Protestant advocate with weapons which no adversary can foil; while he has, at the same time, laid open the crimes, enormities, and atrocities, of every description, with which the self-styled infallible and impeccable church of Rome polluted itself for ages.

“While the subject of Catholic emancipation, as it is technically called, or of Catholic *claims*, as the Papists themselves *modestly* term it, is daily canvassed,—while it is even now under the consideration of the legislature, whether they will or will not concede to seven millions* of the people the same portion of liberty and equality which they possess; while, in short, the die is about to be cast, which will either leave us under the happy and mild government of a Protestant prince and Protestant legislature, or subject this favoured country and her sister island to scenes of anarchy and bloodshed,—let such as take a warm interest in advancing the Catholic claims, and in placing the Catholic subject on a par with the rest of the people,—let such read this Discourse coolly and deliberately, laying aside all previous impressions; and, when they have done so, let them speak and argue from at least theoretical conviction.

“Admit Catholics to a participation in the administration, *and no very distant era would behold our church-government transferred from Lambeth to the Vatican, and the diadem of England only as a jewel in the mitre of a Roman pontiff.*

“It is now upwards of seventy years since the Sermon now again brought before the public was first printed. Immediately on its publication, it was translated into two or three European languages, and such was the effect produced by its perusal abroad, that even foreign prelates did not disdain to answer it, with a view to preserve the character and maintain the dignity of their church, and to show and prove to all

* “I would ask Mr. B—gh—m, if he were to subtract from this seven millions of people all children, women, and labourers, how many would he have left who would be bettered by emancipation, and how many would he find who knew, until they were told, that they had been labouring under this grievous weight of oppression and bondage?”

Christendom how their faultless and unerring mother had been reviled and slandered by the heretical pen of a Scottish preacher!

"But no splendour of dignity, no elevation of rank, no power of authority, could suffice effectually to controvert facts, nor wash out the foul stain of human blood which crimsones every page in the history of that all-tolerant and all-merciful church—the Romish.

"We know what the Catholics *have been* when in power; we have no 'guarantee' from them of what they will be;—the doctrines of their religion inculcate feelings and sentiments which must ever keep them morally and politically at variance with us, and until we can with safety trust the wolf into the sheepfold, we may in vain hope to admit Catholics to a participation in our Protestant legislature."

The "text" chosen by our learned and reverend author is at once striking and prophetic; here it is:—

"By thy sorceries were all nations deceived, and in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth."—Revelations, xviii. 23, 24.

He then proceeds with his discourse, in a manner every way calculated to impress the reader with the vast importance of his subject, and the magnitude of the responsibility which those who undertake to preach "the word as it is in Christ" take upon them, &c. But let us hear the learned divine himself:—

"These striking words exhibit the two principal features of a very extraordinary picture, which we find in this book of Revelation, representing a delusive and persecuting power that was to make its appearance in some after-period. By this destructive power, the best interpreters of Scripture have always understood the church of Rome, long ago established under the pretence of an authority purely divine, but still applied to purposes the most different imaginable: and, indeed, whoever shall compare the picture itself with the state of the world for many ages past, respecting religion, will, I doubt not, be obliged to own that it is as complete and characteristic a representation of Popery, in her most flourishing times, as could have been given, had that 'mother of abominations' actually existed when she was shadowed out to the prophetic mind of our apostle.

"The chapter from which we have taken our text contains a lively prediction of the ruins awaiting the church of Rome in some future time, as published by three angelic voices:—the first declares the certainty of that ruin; the second points to its extremity; and the third pronounces it to be irrecoverable, assigning the reasons of a retribution so awful, viz.—her spiritual witchcraft and her shocking cruelty, both very strongly expressed in the words before us: 'For by thy sorceries were all nations deceived; and in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth.'

"The last expressions require no paraphrase; they are dreadfully intelligible. The first are explained by the apostle Paul, where, painting the man of sin, who was to be revealed in colours which correspond wonderfully with those contained in the apostle John, he tells us that this son of perdition was to come with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; an emphatical Hebrewism, which seems to intimate not only that the grand apostate in view should erect and maintain his kingdom by the most impious frauds, but that he should

destroy the souls of men by numberless ungodly acts of rendering them religious without religion, or deluding them into a fond opinion of their piety, whilst guilty of the greatest enormities; and then, by the most fatal kind of magic, making them dream of paradise on the verge of perdition. 'It is in the latter point of light that we propose to contemplate the sorceries of this wicked enchantress; after which we will look a little, and but a little (it is a spectacle of horror!), at scenes of blood, where she stalks along with infernal fury, drunk with her slaughter of the Almighty's servants, and boasting of her zeal for the Almighty's interests. From both, so mournful to religion and humanity, we will make such reflections as may appear proper and useful on this occasion.

"First, we are to contemplate the sorceries of the church of Rome, or those pleasing but pernicious delusions, by which she cheats her votaries into a persuasion of their safety, at the same time that she leaves them "in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity;" nay, that she makes them sevenfold more the children of the devil than she found them: you will comprehend my meaning better, if we take things from the beginning, even as far back as the earliest notices we have of the history of the universe. Now we gather from the sacred records, that the Eternal, having formed innumerable hosts of glorious and happy spirits to be the first and highest subjects of his government, whole legions of them revolted, and became degenerate and miserable beings, whose sole employment and delight was to work mischief; and accordingly Satan, the head of the revolt, found means to draw into it the creature man, who had been lately called into existence, and placed in a state of innocence and joy, which the other could not behold without envy; thus he introduced on our earth a kingdom of his own, in opposition to the kingdom of Jehovah: but the Governor of the world, who 'loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity,' resolved to overthrow his insolent adversary; and, taking pity on the new race, of whose inexperience this malicious and artful spirit had taken advantage, he was graciously pleased to promise, that 'the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent;' he fulfils his promise. 'In the fulness of time he sends forth his son, made of a woman,' with proper authority and qualifications, to subdue the original apostate, reduce deluded men to their duty, and restore them to their primitive felicity. The Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil. In prosecution of this noble plan, worthy of its infinitely wise and benevolent Author, our Redeemer no sooner appears on the public theatre, than he openly proclaims war with the powers of darkness, after having privately baffled the personal assaults of their prince. He raiseth an exalted standard of truth and goodness in the name and on the behalf of his Father; he calls on his unhappy brethren of mankind to return to their allegiance and follow him; he publishes a general indemnity, in the clearest terms, with the most merciful intentions and conditions, on the most earnest and honourable conditions; he actuates them to accept, and deems it no way beneath his dignity to propose, such a scheme of salvation as, if truly understood, and embraced cordially, cannot fail to recover men from ignorance and corruption; and, by illuminating their minds and purifying their hearts, to make them partakers of a divine nature and willing subjects of the great empire of light and love. Yes, my brethren, it is the glory of the Christian

system, that its precepts, prohibitions, doctrines, and examples, are all directly calculated for the restoration of human nature, as might be shown at large, were it necessary,—it is not necessary. Those with whom we are concerned in the present argument profess to agree with us, that the gospel is a doctrine according to godliness, and immediately adapted to promote it; but now we say, that they have so adulterated this doctrine, as to pervert it entirely from its genuine character and original use, ‘making void the commandments of God, by the traditions of men;’ we say that, in place of the mystery of godliness, they have framed and adopted a mystery of iniquity—an astonishing compound of wicked opinions and observances, suited to keep men in ignorance and corruption, and, by nameless illusions, to conceal from them their danger. In a word, we say, that the system of Popery is a direct apostacy from the religion of Christ, and the practice of popery a direct revolt from the kingdom of Christ; and all this under the impudent pretext of alone retaining that religion, and alone defending that kingdom.

“It is thus that we explain, at least in part, the prophecy with respect to the dragon’s giving her power to the beast. We consider the church of Rome as the chief retainer, or prime-minister, if I may be allowed the phrase, to the prince of the dark kingdoms; employed and supported by him, and, in return, upholding and propagating his dominion over the children of disobedience, ‘who are dazzled with a phantom of liberty, while in truth they are taken captive by him at his pleasure.’ We should not be understood to mean by this, that all are slaves to Satan who are votaries of Rome: God forbid. It were a strange want of understanding not to allow a possibility of being pious or virtuous in that communion, corrupt as it undoubtedly is. It were equal want of candour not to acknowledge that it hath, in fact, produced many persons of unquestionable piety and virtue, and some who have soared to as noble heights in the spiritual life as ever were attained by uninspired mortality. This, I think, is certain, that a man may be mistaken greatly—mistaken in many things relating to his religious principles, and yet be perfectly sincere in his religious practice: the goodness of his affections, the strictness of his education, the influence of those truths which he retains, and the assistance of that grace which is never denied to the conscientious, may well be supposed sufficient to overbalance the ill effects even of tenets exceedingly erroneous. It is manifestly the judgment of an apostle, formed in consequence of an heavenly vision, vouchsafed him to overcome his prejudices on this subject, that there are persons ‘who fear God, and work righteousness in every nation,’ and, of course, under every form and aspect of religion. We Protestants condemn the church of Rome for her want of charity; let us never imitate her in the most anti-Christian of all dispositions: but still we cannot help thinking, that the native tendency of her religious system is to make men irreligious under a specious mask of zeal, by leading them to pursue an imaginary righteousness, to the neglect of a real one; this we affirm in general, and we endeavour to prove it from the whole composition and genius of Popery. At present, we can only give a sample of our proofs, with respect to some particulars; from which, however, it will not be difficult to judge the

rest. Christianity, we all know, aims immediately at the heart; that is, sets itself to regulate and reform the inward man in the first instance: as its morality points chiefly to internal purity, being all refined, yet solid: so its ritual leads directly to internal devotion, being alike simple and expressive. It pronounces the highest beatitude to 'the pure in heart, and promises the divine acceptance to those only who worship God in spirit and in truth.' It prescribes no pompous ceremonies; it prohibits all ostentations; in short, it calls off the attention of its disciples from whatever is merely mechanical or formal in religion, to whatever is vital and substantial. Now Popery does just the reverse: it introduces an endless train of senseless, yet showy observances, the parade of which wholly engrosses the popular imagination, and leaves neither leisure nor disposition for minding any thing more rational or moral. So many sacraments, fasts, and festivals, however superfluous and burdensome; such indefatigable saying, and hearing of prayers, *though in an unknown tongue*; such continual crossing and counting of beads, though perfectly childish; such eternal grimaces and bowings to images, though rank idolatry: all this, and much more of the same kind, mixed up with infinite solemnity, so intoxicates the unguarded populace, that they fancy themselves wonderfully devout and holy for being out of measure superstitious! Their designing or deluded priests fail not, in the mean time, to forward the flattering idea by many of their writings and discourses, as well as by the utmost insinuation of private address, till they have inflamed the vulgar mind into the most passionate admiration of a plausible exterior, totally distinct from true religion, and in effect exclusive of it.

"To prevent their followers from discovering the truth in an hour of sober reflection, they take care to keep them in profound ignorance, and to inculcate upon them a fundamental maxim, that such ignorance is the mother of devotion. To make all sure, they hide from them the Scriptures, which were given for the purpose of making men good and wise to salvation; those Scriptures, which all are concerned to know, those very Scriptures which Christ himself commands all to search. Christ's pretended vicar, as it has been frequently remarked, forbids all to search, excepting the clergy; so that, if any layman, desirous of being ascertained concerning his Maker's will, presumes to look into his Maker's word, without permission from the bishop or inquisitor, or without the advice of the minister or confessor, or even, after this, without a licence in form, he cannot receive absolution for his sins, and for this grievous sin among the rest, unless he first surrender up his Bible to the ordinary. Having thus shut out the broad daylight of Heaven, and set up, in lieu of it, the miserable taper of human authority, the baneful magician of Rome hath the fairest opportunity of working his spells, and calling up what spectres of superstition he pleases, in order to awe and impose on the wandering multitude. I think I see him, with all his implements of deceit about him—pretended relics, real images, fictitious saints, false legends, and forged traditions,—playing innumerable tricks with the souls of men, and bewitching them into all manner of idolatrous and vicious practices; exactly agreeable to that strong description of him already referred to, where the apostle Paul, speaking in the anticipated style of prophecy, hath these remarkable words:—'Whose coming is

after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish.' Is this, then, Eternal God! the man who professes to call himself, like Thee, infallible, the sovereign judge of truth, and the unerring guide of Christians! Unhappy souls, that are under the guidance of such a man,—a man, too, who hath been declared subject to no law, but, by the plenitude of his power, entitled to make right wrong and wrong right; to make virtue vice and vice virtue; to dispense with all laws, human and divine; and to do all things above law, without law, and against law. With what peculiar propriety does the apostle, the most masterly of all writers, term his impudent deceiver,—that wicked one, or lawless person, as the original word signifies, and still more emphatically,—the man of sin, the son of perdition.

“Such he hath always been in his public character; in his private one, he hath often, God knows, been very little better:—very little better, did I say? Were there ever more execrable monsters than some of the popes have been; whose names are infamous to this day for perfidy, for cruelty, for voluptuousness, for infidelity, for blasphemy, for every brutal, every diabolical excess, that can outrage Heaven or shock humanity? I appeal to the testimony of their own historians—I appeal to the confession of the keenest advocates of Popery; and could those monsters—stupendous impiety! unparalleled effrontery!—yes, those very monsters could call themselves the representatives of Jesus Christ,—of that adorable character ‘God manifested in the flesh,’ who, whilst he preached to mankind the divine life, was himself a perfect model of it, the brightness of his father’s glory, and the express image of his person! I leave you to imagine what effects are likely to be produced on the manners of a religious society, from having such reverend profligates at the head of it; especially considering their extraordinary influence and vast domination: indeed, their example alone, in such circumstances, must be infinitely dangerous. Nor is the matter at all mended by the example of many of their saints, whose principal recommendation to the honour of saintship appears, from history, to have been often flagitiousness, or singular frenzy; so that they were complimented with a distinguished place in Heaven, who were unworthy or unfit to live on earth: and those canonized wretches are held up as patterns of imitation,—nay, as objects of adoration, as well as the first favourites and privy counsellors of the Almighty, and powerful intercessors with him, for their mortal brethren! Now, I submit it to the meanest understanding, what sort of impression it must necessarily make on ignorance or enthusiastic minds, to be taught, that persons may be, and actually are, exalted to the highest imaginable dignity in the other world, for committing the greatest imaginable villany in this; and, withal, to be worked up by all the machinery of superstition to the most sacred veneration for such odious characters. After what hath been said, we need wonder the less, though we must wonder, at the abominable artifices the Roman Church hath devised, to assure men of Heaven, without a single grain of holiness, provided they will pay her sufficiently for their admission. Our master, who came from thence, declares, that none can enter there but by the strait gate and the narrow way of real regeneration, efficacious faith, and persevering obedience:

his apostles preach the self-same doctrine ; it is the ground-work of his whole religion : and to engage men effectually to deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly, looking for the blessed hope, is the very superstructure intended to be raised on it by the grace of the gospel. Now, the Roman Church overturns this glorious fabric of evangelic virtue at once, by sapping the foundation of it ;—I mean, by persuading men that such virtue is not necessary to their salvation, but may be supplied and superseded by a variety of other methods, much more agreeable to their inclinations,—in short, perfectly consistent with all their vices. And here there opens such a scene, such a gulf of delusion and perdition,—pilgrimages, penances, purgatory, prayers for the dead, prayers to the saints, auricular confession, extreme unction, masses without number, an inexhaustible bank of merit ; and, above all the rest, indulgences, pardons, and dispensations, as many and as large as can be desired by men, *or purchased for money !*

“ Indeed, these last may be considered as a main pillar of that amazing structure of wickedness which Popery hath erected on the ruins of Christianity. It has been positively affirmed, nor did I ever hear it denied, that there is fixed, in a public office at Rome, a rate for sins, according to the nature and degree of each, where the most heinous and horrible are not excepted, even the breach of oaths the most solemn and important, the murder of a parent, and the debauchery of a sister. Quake, O earth ! tremble, ye heavens ! and all ye stars withdraw your shining ! the infamy stops not here. It is notorious, that the pope, for a larger sum, grants indulgences for many generations, sometimes for thousands of years together. Need I mention, after this, the open traffic in pardons and dispensations that was carried on in Germany by those—what shall I call them ?—those spiritual pedlars, or hawkers, the strolling friars, whose unheard-of abuses in retailing them gave rise to the blessed reformation. And what, my brethren, is the natural language of the Popish doctrine and practice in this particular ? Are you strongly inclined to any sin whatever, you need be under no restraint ; go to the priest, and he will give you an indulgence : have you actually been guilty of any sin whatever,—make yourself easy, go to the priest, and he will give you absolution. Never fear, man, you may perpetrate the blackest crimes, and be absolved for payment ; or even without it, on performing some trifling ceremony of unsanctified devotion. Now, in making men believe that they may thus indulge in any wickedness, or every wickedness, with safety, for the next world as well as the present, is such a masterpiece of infernal policy for destroying human souls by multitudes—is so enormous a delusion of hell, that I can find no size of words to clothe the bulk of it. “ Let it go naked, then, that men may see it the better.”

What reasonable and thinking churchman shall read this part of the learned and reverend divine's essay, and not be found ready, exclaim—“ Well done, thou good and faithful servant—enter *thou* into the joy of thy Lord ?”—Let us proceed, however. Thus far have we transferred our learned and reverend author's essay : and we are free to confess with unpretending interest and concern. And now, looking at the space we have occupied of our journal, we would deem it advisable to conclude our text review ; but, really and sincerely, the subject is one of such

interest, and so irresistible, that we can scarcely prevail upon ourselves to stop short; and, therefore, we determine to give this essay—so admirable and so well propounded—entire. The learned doctor continues:—

“Thus have we considered some of the chief ingredients of that enchanting ‘cup full of abominations,’ with which the mighty sorceress of Rome deceives her unhappy adherents, and which accounts, indeed, but too well for that spiritual blindness and peculiar profligacy, which ran, like a wide and deep contagion, through popish countries. Yet all this is but a part of her wickedness; for, while she makes the inhabitants of the earth drunk ‘with the wine of her fornication, she herself is drunk with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus;’ or, as it is expressed in our text—‘In her was found the blood of prophets and of saints, and of all that were slain on the earth;’ which was the second point we proposed to view very briefly. Now, it is certain that this sanguinary prostitute, not contented with ruining the souls of those who are seduced by her, has often thirsted to murder the bodies of those who are not. I speak to facts, and say that, armed with bulls in one hand, and faggots in the other, provided with frightful apparatus of axes, racks, and gibbets, and accompanied with an hideous train of holy executioners, she has frequently gone forth to make war with the saints and to wear them out; pretending, all the while, that she went forth in the name and cause of the Prince of Peace and Saviour of men, in the name and cause of Him who, as we observed before, descended from the bosom, and appeared on the behalf of the God of Peace and the Parent of mankind, to defend and enlarge the kingdom of righteousness and peace. Satan, the adversary of God and man, having, as was already hinted, laid the foundation of an opposite kingdom, subversive to those best interests, he labours to support and extend it, not only in person, but by his agents on earth and in hell;—of all his agents on earth, we contend that the dreadful power we are describing is the most assiduous and the most successful. We contend that, in managing this work, she sustains, like her master, a double character,—that of deceiver and murderess. The first, if I am not mistaken, we have fairly proved; for the second, we appeal to all history, and here we are encompassed with a cloud of witnesses. Mysterious Heaven! what a spectacle do I behold!—Methink I see the souls of those that have been slain by that sanctified destroyer for the testimony of Jesus, and slain under the pretence of zeal for his amiable name; I see them rising up in millions, and hear them crying out with a voice that shakes the pillars of heaven,—“How long, oh Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell upon the earth,” and on that blood-thirsty city? Let impartial history recount, if she can recount, the number of God’s creatures that have been murdered in God’s name by that blood-thirsty impostor. Let history tell of the carnage committed in the many holy wars—the holy wars undertaken for the extirpation of the infidels!

“Let her tell of the cruel proceedings against the Protestants in Hungary, in France, in Flanders, in Germany, in Bohemia, in the Palatinate, and many other parts. Let her tell of the fires in Smithfield, particularly in the reign of Mary, of England; of the Armada, in Spain, in the reign of Elizabeth; of the Gunpowder Plot, in the reign of

James I., a conspiracy truly worthy of hell and Rome! Let her relate the massacre of Paris, on St. Bartholomew's Day, in which about thirty thousand Protestants were butchered in cold blood.*

"Let her relate the massacre of Ireland, in the reign of Charles I., in which above one hundred and fifty thousand Protestants—I say above one hundred and fifty thousand Protestants—were barbarously murdered in the space of two months, chiefly by the Popish priests. Let the same faithful hand paint the slaughter of about forty millions—I say forty times ten hundred thousand—poor Americans, on pretence of their resisting the attempts made for their conversion, as well as on accounts purely political.

"And let her pencil draw, if it can find adequate colours, the horrors of that infernal slaughterhouse, the Inquisition, where all that the imagination of demons can invent, or the malignity of demons inflict, to insult and torture, and, if possible, to damn the miserable victim, is practised in terrible perfection. Let history proceed to rehearse; but nature sickens at the story,—religion turns away her ear with abhorrence, and groans for her suffering and bleeding children! Let us hasten to a more comfortable theme. Let us speak as we promised to do, in the third place, of that glorious deliverance wrought for these nations from the delusion and persecution of Popery, which your piety, my reverend fathers and brethren, hath taken care to preserve the particular remembrance of, within your immediate circle, by appointing discourses relative to it to be preached before you from time to time. The appointment with which you have honoured me, on this head, I now obey with pleasure. I rejoice with you, and all the friends of religion and liberty, in the noble triumph obtained by both, at the blessed periods of the reformation and the revolution. I rejoice with the whole kingdom of light, in the victories then gained by the combined powers of Christianity and public zeal. Adored be that all-inspiring and all-supporting providence, which raised up and carried, with a spirit truly wonderful, those religious and civil heroes who made so illustrious a stand for the interests of truth and of mankind!

"Would your time permit, with what delight could we enter into the detail, and point out to your admiring view that honourable band of first reformers, who, throwing off their mental fetters, broke from the dungeons of Popish superstition, led forth the everlasting gospel, long defaced and imprisoned there, displayed her in her ancient honours, and raised her banner before the nations; proclaiming, as 'the Captain of Salvation' himself had formerly done,—proclaiming, in his name, 'liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that were bound,—proclaiming the acceptable year of the Lord.' Immediately after, we might show you multitudes who had been sleeping in their chains, and dreaming they were free, awakening at the animating call, wondering at the enchantment that held them so long, bursting their

* "It is worthy our observation, that no sooner did the news of this day's dreadful work arrive at Rome, than the *Pope* went in procession to the church of St. Lewis, and there returned public and solemn thanks for it to the merciful Parent and Saviour of men. And the same shocking scene was represented in a splendid picture, with this inscription, 'THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH!'"

bonds asunder, marching out into open day—the open day of evangelic light,—and all exulting in ‘the glorious liberty of the Son of God.’

“By the way, when we talk with such high approbation of those excellent persons who first set on foot this wondrous work, we do not pretend once to insinuate, that they were guilty of nothing weak, or of nothing wrong in their manner of conducting it. Great failings, it hath been observed, are nearly allied to great virtues. When the spirits of men are sharpened by debate, and stimulated by opposition, it is certain that even the wisest and best will betray uncommon keenness, and be hurried into miscarriages, which, in a calmer hour and milder mood, they would condemn exceedingly. The danger is exceedingly increased by a particular kind of warm and daring enthusiasm, which fires and rouses them, when engaged in any difficult or important struggle; and which, whilst it comes in aid of the cooler principles of piety, and the feebler dictates of reason, is insufficient alone to carry them through, and is apt withal at times to abuse them. And where is the man who can answer for himself, that, in a similar conjuncture, he could be sure of escaping the snare? But to return:

“I might even proceed to represent to you that distinguished deliverer of immortal name, who, when the fiend of Popery, and his kindred devil, tyranny, were fast regaining their sway in these islands, from whence they had been happily expelled, came with the most distinguished and heroic zeal, and drove them back again to Rome, their native abode, and chosen seat of empire.

“And, lastly, I might remind you, how, after a new attempt to recover their dominion, they were baffled by the accession of a family to the British throne, whom Heaven long continue, that hath been always noted for its inviolable attachment to the joint cause of reformation and liberty,—for its invincible abhorrence of all usurpation over the consciences and rights of mankind, and for a set of princes equally adorned with bravery, integrity, and true humanity.

“To whom, my beloved brethren and honoured fathers,—to whom shall we ascribe all these marvellous events, and the unspeakable felicity which, as men, as Christians, and as Britons, we enjoy in consequence of them? I ask, once more, to whom? You reply with rapture, the rapture of undissembled gratitude, to the All-Wise, the All-Mighty, and the All-Merciful. True, indeed, ‘if it had not been the Lord who was on our side,’ may we of Israel say,—‘if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us a prey to their teeth! Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.’ Let us indulge the transports which these reflections and these acknowledgments are fitted to inspire; but yet there is something occurs to damp our joy, though not to diminish our praise. Shall I mention it?—I am sorry to mention it. You may guess, I mean our neglect was misimprovement of our mercies. Such deliverances—such privileges!—Yet such insensibility—such abuse! I appeal to you, are we not really the most favoured people on earth, and the most ungrateful? As to the particulars of our ingrati-

tude, they are,—but I will spare myself the painful task of specifying them, and will wind up what has already been said with a short illustration and improvement of the whole.

“For this, suppose that a sensible and serious stranger, from some remote region of the world,—an intelligent and virtuous heathen, for example,—no idolater, but a natural religionist, whose soul was open to truth, and endowed with goodness,—just such another man as Cornelius seems to have been before he became a Christian;—suppose, I say, that this man, led by the love of observation and inquiry, was to visit the European countries, and, after acquiring the necessary languages, was to traverse, first of all, the land of Popery, and to view the aspect which that religion wears, and the effects which it produces: what do you imagine would be his astonishment and disgust, when he found the priests requiring and commanding the people, under the pain of exquisite tortures in this world, and of consummate misery in the next, to believe the most monstrous absurdities and contradictions; to swallow the grossest lies and blasphemy; and to revere, to imitate, to worship, as saints and gods, some of the worst and vilest of mankind; as well as to practise, without end, the merest foppery and futility, in place of real religion and morality;—nay, directly undermining the foundations of all religion and morality, by encouraging men to sin with the assurance of a pardon, whenever they may please to purchase one: in a word, inculcating, in the name of the Thrice Holy, such tenets and such practices as are almost beyond the very refuse of Paganism, and denouncing, in the same infinitely venerable name, death and damnation against all who will not fall down and worship the image which they have set up! How would this amazement and horror be heightened, when, looking into history, he understood what dismal fields of blood, and hellish engines of torment, this church did boast of, as the noblest proofs of her piety and zeal? How would our honest heathen burn with indignation at such a church, and with what impatience would he break away from such a land of abomination? Suppose him now to bend his course to Great Britain, to observe, in general, the plain, good-natured, manly face of the religion taught and professed in it, and, upon inquiry, to be particularly instructed, by any of its most rational and worthy teachers, concerning the divine original, the heavenly nature, and the excellent tendency of that religion. Suppose him next to consider the political state of the country, to contemplate its freedom, its wealth, its independence; and to be informed how all these do naturally grow out of the frame of its government, as a government of laws—of laws enacted by the people and maintained by the prince—by a prince who is at this very time a father of his people. After this, let him look once more into history, and there read by what strangely merciful interpositions of Heaven this religion and this government have been restored and secured, when both have been in danger of being extinguished. Oh! my brethren, what emotions of delight and admiration may we conceive would fill the breast of our sensible and virtuous stranger, on this complete survey? But how would these be mingled with sentiments of the sincerest regret and displeasure, when, after all, he came to look more attentively into the character and manners of this greatly favoured nation, and to discover the corruption that runs through all ranks, ap-

pears amongst them in every shape, and sadly obscures those good qualities and commendable actions which their religion and liberty inspire! And now, at last, suppose him, whilst full of these different reflections and feelings, to address a mixed and numerous auditory, consisting, like this, of clergy and people,—may we not figure to ourselves, that he would express himself in some such manner as the following?—‘Thrice happy Britons, if you had understanding to know and virtue to improve your happiness!—Your religion appears in itself divine: why would you disgrace it by practices unworthy of it? Would you display its excellency to strangers, let it be seen in excellent lives. You have departed from the tenets, depart from the spirit of Popery. Let your devotion be solid and humble, your charity large and active. Let temperance and integrity be your undivided companions, and the disinterested love of truth your inseparable guide. Honour and defend your king and your laws, both of them the best on the face of the earth. For shame, Britons, do not show yourselves undeserving of both, by acting or speaking against them; guard solicitously against every encroachment, against every attempt of Rome,—she is your natural foe. Think on the days that are passed, and adore that propitious providence which hath delivered you from a thousand dangers, and blessed you in a thousand ways. You are surely the most privileged of all people; expect to be the most accursed, if you are not the most grateful and worthy. For you, who are the priests of Jesus, see that you preach his religion, *and his religion only*. When you preach, think of Him, not of ‘yourselves.’ Remember, real Christianity is not an engine of power, a banner of popularity, or a badge of party. It is religious virtue.—It is universal love. That virtue, that love, do you inculcate, breathe, and practise; beware of giving ground to say, that the patrons of delusion and tyranny show more ability, more assiduity, and greater zeal in promoting the worst of causes, than you do in promoting the best. To make the pious and peaceful honest and loyal, by the united force of your prayers, your instructions, and your example,—be this your sovereign pursuit, and this your sovereign praise.’”

We hope our readers may be as well satisfied with this excellent legacy of Dr. Fordyce as ourselves. It should be read and re-read by every devout and pious clergyman, whether priest or deacon, by our Protestant militant bishops, and by all good churchmen.

One word more in conclusion:—Let us not be misunderstood in what we have said concerning this walking pestilence of Catholicity as a *system of spoliation—of human and religious degradation*, and the “Catholic Religion,” apart from that horrid and victimising system. We by no means wish to impugn the whole body of Catholics—far from it—we believe there are *hundreds* of good and pious catholics to be found among the multitude. We take leave also to remark, that we hold that there is as much difference between the Catholics of Ireland and the Catholics of the Continent, as there exists between the Protestant religion of England, and the Catholic religion of Ireland. But the time is at hand when Ireland shall be rendered peaceful, prosperous, and happy, by means, firstly, of a code of poor laws—and, secondly, by *educating* her five millions of starving, poor, and destitute peasantry, whose unhappy and fearful ignorance is a lamentable plea for the improper influence of

the priests, and furnishes, as we opine, an excuse for their desperate and inhuman barbarities—shall we add—murders?

It is more than probable, we shall be accused, by the hirelings of the *hired Press*, of having “imposed” our sentiments in the shape of a text review upon our subscribers. We do hope, however, that they, one and all, will be alive to the real state of the case,—perfectly cognizant of what we desiderate. Let them remember the “language” employed by the Roman poet, and say whether or not it has no been *acted* upon by every succeeding generation—

“———— Nullus amor populis, nec fœdera sunt,
Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor
Qui face Dardanio ferroque sequare colonos,
Nunc, olim, quocunque dabunt se tempore vires.
Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus uandas,
Imprecor, arma armis: pugent ipsique nepotes.”

For our own parts, we are as indifferent to the abuse and moral depravity of these gin-drinking *bravos*, who stab every man of downright honesty and plain sense in the dark, to gratify some base and disgusting desire—as we are anxious to deserve the unbought and wholesome eulogiums of those who, by their determined firmness of character, support and embellish the intellectual dignity of the heaven-directed press:—

“That which most likens us unto the gods,
Is to be cautious and to speak the “truth”—
This is the blessing I bequeath you, friend!
The blessing of good precepts you may hoard,
For after-guidance through the maze of life.
What are we? what is man? is he not formed
A being—not ignoble, nor confin’d,
As to a congregation of his kind,
To be spectator of the wondrous whole:
And, in the mighty amphitheatre,
To agonize, ambitious for renown?
Nature, unto this end implants in us
Invincible desires of what is great,
And nearest to the essence of the gods.
Not the whole world, and all that are therein,
Can fill the inquisitive, capacious mind
Of man, that overleaps the bounds of space,
And claims its kindred with eternal good,
The beautiful and the magnificent,
Proclaiming we are born for things above.”

Touching Rome herself, not one word need be set down—not a line need be written. Of what she has been guilty, her abominable and damnable crimes—her unholy and unhallowed intercourses—her countless abominations, may not be spoken of, except to amplify her eternal infamy, and seal the last signet of her ungodly desolation and impious ruins; and that our children, and our children’s children, should be made to understand rightly all those things pertaining to her fanatical and blood-spilling history—

“———— Whence, unaccustomed drops!
Whence come ye o’er the firmness of my soul?”

There is another and most important fact connected with this all-engrossing subject, which does not seem to have made any great impression on the "minds" of thinking and literate people. It is this. The *distinction* always to be made between an EDUCATED and UNEDUCATED Catholic. We aver, from our own personal knowledge; long, and we may fearlessly add, tried experience—that an educated Catholic is invariably found a good, if not exemplary practical Christian and humanist; it is only the ignorant poor, and uneducated Catholic, therefore, on whom the priest—if he be other than good, pious, benevolent, and charitable, *can* by possibility "work wonders." The EDUCATED are not wont to succumb to his pastoral humours; they are—beyond the latent tyranny of the "cowl." There is, manifestly, all this difference and distinction between the uneducated and lettered Protestant: notwithstanding the dogmas your Exeter Hall publicans and sinners may bellow forth to the contrary.

To those who have seen "the hand-writing on the wall," in England, we need not say they have nothing to fear;—rather let them look to the "education" of the people. The religion of the uncorrupted human heart is very wide apart from *all* the pretended religions of the earth, especially that denominated Catholic. Ignorance and guilt are ever found alike equally eager to seize that which may—by the roguery and wretched pandering of the magistrates (magister docet)—or, more plainly, the self-degraded and hypocritical priests—be rendered serviceable to their personal safety, and thus secure their longer continuance in this mortality. But for a good man to contemplate upon these things, and not feel vitally disgusted, it were impossible.

"Sustain'd in conscious virtue, and athirst
With longings of celestial ecstasies,
And 'franchises' of disembodied bliss,
These men do no indignity to me—
They hold me not—my last undying part
Soon shall walk the empyreal realms of space,
With sages and philosophers of old—
Majestic Homer, and the bards of Greece,
The eagle-pinioned spirits of past days;
With Plato, who held converse with the skies—
And Socrates, *who show'd us how to die.*
Worthies, the master spirits of their age,
With minds of giant mould, whose nerve of soul
Could look in the face of thunderbolts of heaven—
Beautified companions of my joys—
And *see*, with them, the First Great Cause of all."

SEMPER FIDELIS.

THE DRAMA IN FRANCE.

A SERIES of articles has lately appeared in the *Constitutional*, criticising somewhat severely the present state of the English drama and its supporters; and the writer, after some vaunting comparisons, comes to the abrupt conclusion, that in England "the drama is dead and the opera unborn." Though we are free to confess that the drama is not in the most prosperous condition, we are certain there is still talent more than sufficient for respectably filling the higher branches, and that too in a manner not to be surpassed at the present time in Paris.

The "*Theatre Français*" must of course be considered as the stronghold of the legitimate drama in France; and we naturally look to it, (particularly when we consider the privileges of the Director) as possessing the best company the country can produce; and the performances consisting always of tragedy and comedy, there is no reason why every character should not be adequately filled. The company at present contains, amongst others of less note, the names of Ligier, Monrose, Sanson, Volnys, Manelle, Mars, Mesdames d'Orval, Menjaud, and Volnys. Now, amongst these, is there more than one name of extraordinary talent? Mlle. Mars is of course, at the present day, without a rival, either in France or elsewhere, but it is not very often that the Rue Richelieu is honoured by her performances, as she is a little fastidious in the choice of character, so that the burthen may be said to rest upon the others. That these may be all persons of talent, no one will deny, but after the sweeping censure against our own actors by the French critic, we did expect to find something more than mediocrity in a theatre exclusively devoted to the drama. M. Ligier is the Hamlet and Othello of the company, and if in his own country fault is occasionally found with him, for a want of originality in the conception of his characters, we have no right to impugn the judgment, but at the same time, considerable applause was bestowed upon his performance of the Duke of Gloucester, in "*Les Enfants D'Edonard*,"—and until some one springs into notice, he is likely to continue the leading business in Tragedy.

Monrose is the Figaro of Beaumarchais' Comedy, and is a lively actor, though not a very young man, since he has a son on the same boards. Sanson is the original representative of Bertrand, in Scribe's play of "*Bertrand and Raton*," known in this country as "*The Minister and the Mercer*." Volnys and his wife have but lately joined the company, their reputation being gained at the minor theatres. Mad. Volnys, who is better known as Leontine Fay, began her career as a child, and until she was more than sixteen years of age, stirred the provinces as the "*Prodigy only ten years old*." Madame Dorval is an actress of much merit, and, we think, not yet sufficiently appreciated; her performance in "*La Fiancée de Lammermoor*," at the Porte St. Martin, gave promise of future excellence. Madame Menjaud is a great favourite, and increased the number of her admirers by the character she sustained in "*Les Enfants d'Edonard*."

Comparisons are at all times invidious, but in the present instance, it has been provoked, because we are certain, that little as the drama is now esteemed in this country, there is still talent in one of our national theatres to cast a tragedy or comedy stronger than at the "Theatre Français," devoted as it is solely to the higher walks of the drama.

The old plays are rarely attractive at Paris, excepting Ma'mselle Mars performs, and she rarely fails of attracting an audience; but when novelty is the order of the day, the Director has no reason to find fault with his speculation. The performance of "Bertrand et Raton," "Les Enfants d'Edonard," "Le Tyran," and recently "Don Juan d'Autriche," have given him no cause to complain that the public will not patronise sterling dramas; and credit is certainly due to the Director for the manner in which the pieces are produced; they are not considered as dead weights for "off nights" and brought forward with every disadvantage to the author, by vexatious alterations and readings by the actors, of which he is wholly innocent, but are produced only after very frequent rehearsals, and then with the minor parts well cast, so that there should be no want of harmony to prevent its playing smoothly. Great praise, too, must be given for the beauty and fidelity of the costumes, which, in many instances, are magnificent; the principal performers being obliged to find their own dresses.

The last production, "Don Juan d'Autriche," has been very successful, and deservedly so, although the last act is very weak and defective; but this is by no means an uncommon fault with the French Dramatists, who generally make the conclusion of their pieces so unsatisfactory, that you are hardly aware when it is finished.

At the Porte St. Martin a new dramatic school seems to have sprung into existence, and we are rather at a loss to assign it a title. A few years since the French were most fastidious with regard to the nature of their performances for the stage; and any author who presumed to diverge from the beaten track was certain of the fate that awaited his production. The taking away life on the stage, in what shape soever, was against every acknowledged rule of propriety, and these little matters, out of regard for the delicate feelings of the audience, were arranged behind the scenes, the actor's word being considered sufficient that it had been done; and great was the surprise, not to say indignation, of the spectators when the English company were playing at the "Salle Favart," to find Othello ruthlessly slaying the unhappy Desdemona. But now the opposite extreme is all the rage, and what a few years ago would the same audience have thought of such pieces as "Dix Ans de la Vie d'une Femme," "La Tour de Nesle," "Antony," "L'Armurier de Brientz," "Lucrece Borgia," &c. &c. The first of these is by Scribe, and has at least the merit that a good moral may be drawn from it—though the incidents and situations are revolting in a very high degree; and in one scene in particular, where the paramour of the unhappy woman compels her to write a letter after his dictation, the audience even of the present day generally express their disapprobation, and consider it a little too much. The principal performers at this theatre are Boccage, Lemaitre, Lockwy, and Mlle. George, so well known as the rival of Duchésnois; these actors are considered in France as belonging exclusively to the "new school." Boccage is indisputably a man of superior

talents and his favourite characters of "Antony," and "Buridan," in the "Tour de Nesle," would be faultless, could we reconcile ourselves to the dramas. Lemaitre is known in this country by his excellent performances in "L'Auberger des Adrets," and the sequel of which he is the author. Lockroy is a rising actor, and more than respectable in the character of Aackmanoff in "Catherine II." of which he is partly the author: Mlle. George is almost without a rival at the present day in tragedy, and though much praise has been bestowed upon her performances in "Perinet Leclerc," "Bergami," and "La Tour de Nesle," we must confess we regret to see her in such pieces. As the director of the Porte St. Martin has found this new class of dramas so much to his profit, it is most probable they will continue to multiply.

The great strength, however, of the French must be considered to rest on their vaudevilles, and it cannot be denied that in these light and elegant productions they are unrivalled; the actors seem exactly fitted to their parts, and move in them with an ease and grace that seems like nature itself. The greater proportion of these pieces are intended as moving pictures of the manners of the day, and any little incident that attracts momentary attention is seized upon with avidity, and before the recollection of the circumstance has passed away, it is attracting crowds to the theatre which is lucky enough to be the first in the field—what a host of talent is comprised in the names of Odry, Verner, Bouffe, Arnal, Perlet, Bernard L'eon; Mesdes. Albert, Vertpré, Jenny, Cola, Allan, Despreaux, and Dejaset—it is here we find what we are unfortunately almost without, in England, comic actors, for a proper distinction is drawn in Paris between the actor and buffoon, and the authors are careful which of the two they intrust with their characters.

This seems the favourite field with the authors, and one in which the talents of Messrs. Scribe and his coadjutor Melesville are seen to the greatest advantage, and to which the Chevalier de Rock transfers his admirable novels with all their original freshness. M. Ancelot is particularly successful in this line of composition, and the care with which he finishes his productions is deserving of every praise.

It is a fortunate thing for us in England that the writers of vaudevilles in France, generally construct their works upon such very slight materials, and that their success depends greatly upon the actors; who rarely fail to embody the author's conception most faithfully—since it saves us from being more beholden at the present day than we are for pieces at our miscalled national theatres. The English adapters consider that, because a vaudeville has been popular at Paris, of course it must be so in London, but that is by no means a just criterion. What is "L'Ambassadeur," or "Le Savant," without Perlet—"Fortuné," in "Le Bossu a la Mode," without Vernet,—or "La Femme de L'Avoué," without Jenny Vertpre? The managers of some of our theatres can tell us to their cost. A vaudeville requires very little plot, but much care is bestowed in the delineation of the characters, and which by the time they have assumed an English garb, have altogether ceased to be what the author intended them, and the adapter has nothing to rely on save the plot, and the consequence is a most vapid piece, discreditable to the theatre that produces it and the translator who has bungled it. B.

ADVICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

LITERATURE, which at one time was confined to royal and monastic retreats, has now become so widely diffused, that it may fairly lay claim to the rank and title of a learned profession. The extensive range of reading which it embraces, the seductive investigations of natural philosophy, and the splendid but abstruse science of metaphysics, give it additional claims to precedence over some of those which are called, *par excellence*, learned. It is, indeed, a gratifying fact, that genius and literary industry now find a ready mart. There are few who pretend to literature that may not now, with little more than ordinary care, rise, by the aid of that magic engine, the "gray-goose quill," from indigence to comparative independence. Genius of every cast has an almost boundless field in the increasing number of periodicals, where merit is rarely neglected.

Few, however, have commenced a literary career unassailed by difficulties of one kind or another, most, if not all, of which may be fairly ascribed to causes apparently trifling; and as I cannot better describe them than by giving some brief account of how I fared when I started with quill in hand, I shall here, for the assistance of young men, who with few friends to direct them in their first appeals to the tender mercies of editors, and with no other knowledge of the world than what they may have picked up from books, state some of the obstacles which strewn my road, "thick as leaves in Valambrosa."

I was, unfortunately, by the death of both my parents, thrown at a very early age upon my own resources. During the lifetime of my father, I had often heard that, with prudence and perseverance, a man of tolerable quickness might secure, by the exercise of his pen, in London, a comfortable mode of living. The mill-horse work of professional life had always for me the greatest horror; and it may easily be supposed, that, freed as I now was from any obligation of filial duty, I should not willingly devote myself to the drudgery of office. My mind thus unshackled by the routine habits of any fixed calling, I plunged heedlessly into the precarious field of periodical literature, and full of the dreamy anticipations of youth, I started for the metropolis.

It is almost impossible to convey to the mind of a Londoner, surrounded as he is, from his cradle up, with friends and connexions of one kind or another, an idea of the feelings which London, with its living panorama of faces, leaves on the mind of a friendless, moneyless adventurer. It is a wilderness of living beings without one feeling in common. Though I was perfectly conscious that I had not one to whom, even as a directing friend, I might appeal in this world of place, yet, when I moved through its gay and fashionable crowds, a feeling of despondency came over me. I had often heard of the old saw, of a great city being a great wilderness; I now for the first time felt its

painful reality. For days and weeks, with a curiosity incident to youth, I sauntered about, led on by the beauty and variety of its streets, squares, and public buildings. In the crowd of fashionable equipages, through which as a street spectator I moved during the day, I forgot the misery of my own condition: but at evening, when returning from those scenes, the loneliness of my situation was most appalling. The living panorama of faces which was constantly before my eyes during the day, afforded ample facilities for disposing of all the useless time which I had on my hands, and which, with the exception of the intervals usually set apart for dress and meals, composed the entire day. As night closed in upon me, my thoughts, which were abroad all day, now centered upon myself, and I fancied that I alone was the special object of Divine wrath, and whilst all others were laughing over the occurrences of the day, or forgetting them in the tumult of dissipation, I was doomed to my own painful reflections in my little back room—I forget how many pair of stairs up—in the vicinity of that *terra incognita* north of the New Road. I had often all but come to the silly resolution of ending this state of things, even with a “bare bodkin”—a resolution which, I fear, nineteen-twentieths of the young men who embark upon the dangerous sea of a London speculating life, without some friendly direction, often think of. Thanks to the kindness of a good-natured old man, with whom I lodged, I was left as little to my own reflections as the pressing calls of a large family would admit. It did not require much ingenuity to discover, that the occupier of a small back bedroom was not overburdened with cash. From an impression of this kind, this good old man repeatedly pressed on me many little attentions. He allowed me the use of his little stock of books, which, though not very *recherché*, still had some curiosities among them. There was a collection of stray magazines here, which first fixed my attention. The ephemeral nature of monthly periodicals, with perhaps an innate conviction that there was nothing in me which could fairly lay claim to greater longevity, directed all my efforts to this particular department.

Though I had yet figured in no other character than as an occasional contributor to a weekly newspaper, I had the vanity, like all young contributors, to suppose that I could infuse a degree of point and humour into any subject. My first essay was a love tale. I brought to its composition such qualities as I thought must succeed. I was young, which of itself is alone sufficient to people the imagination with all manner of fairies and fancies, and somewhat also of the disposition of the sentimental tourist, that a man who had not a sort of affection for the whole sex, could never love one as he ought; so you may judge, that there was no parsimony of praise or perfumery. My periods were long, straggling collections of rambling, romantic expressions, stuck full of poetic effusions, which had about them manifest traces of having more than once served the office of some extravagant German romance-maker. In all the interviews which I effected between my lovers, I endeavoured as much as possible to make them deviate from the common ordinary mode which simple, unaffected nature invariably pursues. Nature, in my tale, had little to do; to adhere to her unerring rules would argue a poverty of genius, which I was desirous to avoid. It may be easily imagined, that my tale was returned, with a note expres-

sive of regret that the tale would not suit The — Magazine. The reader, if he has ever had returned upon him a paper upon which he has appended a tolerable portion of his literary reputation, may be able to form some idea of my indignation against that Vandalish act. Here was a love tale, which had about it the evident traces of *more* labour, both mental and physical, than ever love-tale before bore, and yet it was rejected. I put it aside, and set about another, of a more sombre cast—more in unison with the temperament of the editor, who I learned to be a thinking Scotchman. The fate of this differed little from the former: it was returned with a hint that the paper was rather too long, but that, in other respects, there were some good points about it. I read the tale over and over twenty times, and could not for the life of me discover even a word that seemed out of place; so chary are we of our paper bantlings. I tried to cut it down, but found it impossible: —*brevi esse laboro, obscurus fio*. “No,” I exclaimed, “I will not spoil it; some other editor may discover its merits.” So I put it aside.

In this way I went on for several months; when one day I mentioned to a friend of mine, who had considerable experience in those matters, how difficult it was to hit the peculiar vein of writing which suited the magazines. He seemed inclined to think otherwise, and said, that the very nature of the subjects would incline to the same impression. I then said that I had been plaguing editors for months back with laboured contributions, but had had all returned upon me—to be sure, with some such salvo as this: that the subject was too old, the matter too voluminous, and such-like hints. “I should like,” said my friend, “if you have any of those papers by you, to see some of them.” The love tale, which I considered a *chef-d’œuvre*, was the first which I showed him. As I handed it down from an old press which stood in a corner of the room, my friend exclaimed, with a loud laugh, as I untied a piece of red tape from what looked more like one of those chancery briefs in the case of Atwood and Smale, than a modest contribution to a magazine, “Well may you fairly say you have been plaguing editors with papers, if this be a fair specimen. Who, in the name of all that is good or reasonable, could expect an unfortunate editor to sit down and read a voluminous quarto like this, with its additamenta of blots, bad writing, and dirty paper. You are, I see,” says he, “entirely unacquainted with some of the important items in this great affair, as you call it, of writing for the periodicals. They are apparently trifling; but take the assurance of one who has had some little experience, both as contributor and editor, that they are indispensable to success in these wordy matters. In the first place, you must know, that the nature of magazines is such as to exist only by variety, and cannot consequently afford space for your quarto contributions, except at the sacrifice of excluding more amusing matter. Papers that have any chance of insertion should not exceed three or four pages; they should be written in a clean, fair hand, without blot or stain. I cannot give you any idea of the favourable impressions which a contribution in a neat, gentlemanly manner, leaves on the mind of an editor. They are generally men of extensive reading, and are not strangers to fine writing, be it ever so good; they will hardly take the trouble to read over a slovenly paper. A communication in a form such as I here advise, has this great ad-

vantage—it is, at any rate, a presumption that it is the work of a gentleman, which will at once imply a cultivated state of mind. The fag of an editor differs, perhaps, only in kind from that of a 'brewer's dray-horse.' Tired and exhausted with an endless perusal of papers in which he has little interest, you may easily imagine that the shortest, neatest, and most legible paper will be sure to obtain the first reading, and, unless it be bad indeed, a place in the next number. To these little secondary matters, I think I may fairly ascribe any success which I have had: and, as human nature is about the same now as when I laboured on literary ground, and as editors' tables still groan under all manner of writing, believe me, that the most promising in appearance will be sure to command the editor's attention first. Bear this well in mind in all future efforts, and I am greatly mistaken if you do not find your account in it."

After my friend had left me, I began a paper which I was determined should not exceed four pages. I wrote it out on ruled paper, and inclosed it, when finished, in a handsome envelope. The "paper"—it was a reminiscence—had, I know, some merit, but, I think, not superior to some which I had unceremoniously returned on me—and it appeared in the next number. I have since written much, and have had few indeed refused; which, I think, is owing as much to those little elegancies of finish as to their intrinsic merit. To great geniuses, perhaps, these trifles are unnecessary; but few indeed, unless they are Bacons, can altogether reject them.

ANONYMOUS.

TO THE MOON.

ART thou pale for weariness
 Of climbing heaven, and
 Looking down on earth?
 Wandering companionless
 Among the stars, that have
 A different birth?
 And ever changing, like a
 Joyless eye,
 That finds no object worth
 Its constancy?

Æ.

THE MEANS OF IMPROVING THE PEOPLE.

CONSERVATIVE POSTULATE.

Do they need improvement? No, say the Tories, they are very well as they are. Good machines, very good machines, to work for *us*—but not for *themselves*. Fire is a good servant, but a bad master—so are the people. That is, the common herd, the canaille are dregs,—the scum, the froth, the rakings and scrapings of the road we walk upon; put them in *red*, they are good tools for tyrants to cast away, to whip at the halbert, to shoot and be shot at, for tenpence a day. Put them in *blue*, they will regulate the swinish cloffer clow—the poor devils that do good by *stealth*, and blush to find it *fame*. They will make war upon apple-carts of a Sunday, and upon cobblers upon Saint Monday,—will smash iron-hoops, stop peg in the ring, upset the waiter, and safely lodge those who mingle—

“Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
With their dull bits of bodies made up of cold clay.
Put them in black, or like magpies dress them;
They'll preach and they'll pray all night, heaven bless them.”

But the people themselves—*have they minds*? That was a mistake in providence—the gift of language is an inconvenience. Why were they not without mouths? it would have saved the making of tongues and stomachs, and much valuable time now employed in eating and drinking, might have been spent in hard work. Could we have arranged the universe, we would have managed better, and have reduced the science of government to a fraction. It is a pity the people have *souls*, it gives us a deal of trouble: *they* never take any care of them, *we* have to do it; besides, *they break* all the laws *that we make*, and are always finding fault with every thing. Improve them—yes, this would be the way to improve them and to make them happy. Take away their souls—eight millions a year would be saved, now paid for expounding the scriptures, and two millions spent in printing them: take away their *mouths*—seventy-five millions of meals (for the creatures will eat threetimes a-day,) would be saved, and goodness knows how many pots of beer and glasses of gin. Take away their *minds*, they would not always *be trying to think*—which they never can do *correctly*—nor bothering themselves about things that are too high for them. What do they want to *think* for? Do they ever do any good by thinking? And what does the elaboration of their thoughts amount to, after all,—why, *Public opinion*, a dangerous, mischievous, awkward, saucy, impertinent, impudent, prolific, awful supernumerary—*THINK*, nonsense! are *WE* not paid for thinking. Then, what need of education, or mechanics' institutes, or young men's societies, or mutual instruction parties, or aught besides to make them. The people are very well of themselves, and would have no more propensity for thinking, than *bacon* curiously cured by the Westphalia

process. But Lord Brougham and Dr. Birkbeck, by reflecting themselves in the many-mirrored multitude, multiply themselves most odiously. Mechanics' institutes! and what are they? Ginglemerations of intelligence; in which, by a process of mental chemistry, the popular intellect is purged of its dross, and the understanding is emancipated from its darkness—and who wants this?—Not a Tory. This is at least *no torious*.

THE PROOF LIBERAL.

Mechanics' institutes, without being ostensibly political, may be termed the Conservative associations of the middle classes. They contain, within themselves, the seeds of future improvement, and not only the seeds, but the germs of perpetual reproduction; originally framed by men of the most comprehensive minds and the soundest judgment, they have gone on "into the bowels of the land without impediment," and have called into action, from the most obscure depths, spirits who have materially aided in changing the moral and political atmosphere that surrounds them; and adapted in degree to their common wants, their common sympathies, and their common nature. From mechanics' institutes, not only have *individuals* arisen, but what is of more importance to mankind, as having that eternity of undying truth about them, which will extend and multiply itself while mind shall last, are *the principles which have been evolved by their transactions*. Dead and dormant flesh has been called by the voice of a Birkbeck, a Brougham, or a Stacy, to the resurrection of life, to the enjoyment of a new and more delightful existence. The gross husk of the animal nature has been stripped off, and the pure mind has begun to mount, as on eagles' wings, towards that sun of knowledge, whose focus is truth, and there it has not failed to catch a glimpse of its own likeness. Mechanics' institutes ought to be looked upon, by the people, as fortresses of their intellectual power—as the rock of their mental strength. Here, without the deceit of politics, or without being made the tools of party, the people may firmly entrench themselves, and stand at bay against their oppressors, armed with a panoply of living light, which, like the fabled shield of Minerva, would paralyze all who dared to molest. Science and Philosophy become in them co-operators in the great work of human improvement, and in the intellectual emancipation of man, and adjuncts in the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world.

But other societies, modifications of the great leading ones, the mechanics' institutes, are striking their brachia into the ramifications of society. There are the *Mutual Instruction Societies*—associations of young men, who meet together not only to imbibe truth and receive opinions, but to subject all knowledge to rigorous examination, and the test of *public discussion* and investigation. Here the mind is not only a passive recipient of knowledge, but an active disseminator of its own acquired stores, for the benefit of others. No fallacious theory can withstand the grasp of their rigorous and impartial analysis; and no quack systems can be foisted upon the amount of vigorous intelligence which the Mutual Instruction Societies comprise. Every man in England, who loves his country better than himself, who values freedom of speech and opinion—who would have that portion of society, of

which he is an *integer*, raised into numeral value, by the advance of its component parts, should fail to become a member of a Mechanics' Institute, or of a Mutual Instruction Society. Unfortunately, there are some who, from education and associations early imbibed, are afraid of drinking of the castalian waters of Parnassus, or of diving into the arcanum of nature; under the idea that religion would suffer, or that the peculiar notions of their sect may be disturbed. But woe to that religion, which truth can unhinge—and woe to that individual, who thinks that he is not the inheritor of knowledge—which is the peculiar gift of God to man. But there is a “movement” even among the religionists of the day. They dare no longer say that knowledge is inimical to faith; they are at last forced to throw aside the paltry fear, and seem eager to look abroad upon nature, her powers, and her phenomena—and upon those applications of men's powers, to that knowledge which forms *pure science*, as the mighty *lever* which must at last move the world, when the minds of men will deign to be the fulcrum. And there are *The Young men's Societies*, which are composed of ardent young men, who range themselves beside religion, and would make science and philosophy her handmaids. They will go on, and with the other means we here mention, tend to the improvement of the people. In their service they have an organ than which there is none more valuable or able. The *Educational Magazine*, which comprises, in a word, the highest philosophical talent with the most perfect practice, in not only school instruction, but in the instruction of men, and the dissemination of those great and glorious principles, which have brought mankind out of savage barbarism and feudal slavery; and which shall yet bear him onwards and upwards, till the abuses and error, which surround, shall fade away like mists at the coming of the sun.

The people, then, must improve themselves—they must not wait for acts of parliament, or trust to penal or retributive legislation. They have *the means* in their own hands; they have talent, energies, if roused, more dreadful than the *Conservative fire* of ten thousand Birmingham associations. We, therefore, advise them to unite in intelligence, and lay hold of the truth in legislature, in science, in art, in nature; and thus led to trust to *themselves*, the *Truth shall make them Free*.

W. M.

THE CENTRAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

OF all the unions which have yet been established for national purposes—whether in defence of our liberties, our rights, or our interests—not one has yet presented an aspect more formidable, or better calculated, if ably and judiciously conducted, to work out some great good for the suffering millions, than the CENTRAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

The objects being to collect the scattered forces of the LANED INTEREST into one powerful body—to give efficiency to the Local Agricultural Association, by correspondence with the central board in London, partly represented by deputies from the former, and by the united influence of the whole to obtain, for the first time, a full, free, and unrestricted inquiry, in both Houses of Parliament, into all the causes of agricultural distress, whether it be the currency, or tithes, the want of poor laws for Ireland, or an equalization of the poor-rates in England, or any other local burden.

In connection with these objects, the “Agriculturist’s Journal,”—(see advertisement)—has been established, under the patronage of the central society, but at the sole risk and responsibility of the two honorary secretaries; not only that it may serve as an organ for communicating weekly, to every district of the country, the proceedings of the society, but also, by a total abstinence from party politics, and an independence of the conflicting struggles of Whigs, Tories, Conservatives, or Radicals, it may, by its neutrality, cause the agriculturists to be respected by *all* parties; making the farmers that which in reality they are, too influential to be neglected, too numerous to be bribed, too intelligent to be cajoled, and too importunate to have any longer a deaf ear turned to their prayers for redress.

With these views and principles, the Central Society has gained rapidly in public estimation. It has only been established a few weeks; *fifty* Local Agricultural Associations in different parts of the kingdom, have already declared their adhesion; many others are now forming for the purpose of joining; and more than *four hundred* Noblemen, Baronets, Members of Parliament, Land-owners, and Fund-owners, Potestants and Catholics, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, comprising, in fact, every shade and hue of politics. Religion and interest are here found cordially associated, and sitting at the same board, determined not to be again humbugged by *false* principles of legislation, for the accumulation and *not* the diffusion of wealth, by ignorance or blindness, but to *reveal* what ought never to have been *concealed* by honest men,—namely, the *real* cause of that intolerable Agricultural distress, which cannot be much longer endured without endangering the monarchy itself, and involving the whole empire in one terrible convulsion!

With a view to avert this dreadful calamity, and to discover not only the *real* cause of such insupportable evils, but some adequate remedy for them, hitherto so repeatedly *denied* by Parliament, sub-committees have

been formed on each of the alleged grievances, and reports will be made by the more competent and experienced authorities, on each and all of the suspected causes; and that cure will be unanimously adopted by the whole Agricultural Classes of the United Kingdom, which may, after due deliberation, be pronounced by the General Committee and Deputies assembled, to be the principal cause of a condition so alarming and full of peril to the whole kingdom.

We most cordially lend our aid to this valuable institution, with a lively anxiety for its prosperity and immediate usefulness.

Ed. O. M. M.

BALLAD.—FROM THE SPANISH.

WHEN from France we went together,
 One and all, our faith we plighted,
 That, whoever fell in battle,
 We would bear him home to rest.
 But now, when the victorious Spaniards
 Press us close in hot pursuit,
 Amid the rain, and stir, and turmoil,
 We have lost ONE PATRIOT here.
 Seven times they cast the lots,
 For who should venture back to seek him
 To the good old man, his father,
 Seven times the lot was given.
 Thrice the lot fell fairly to him,
 Four times it was foully dealt :
 And yet, though it had not been dealt him :
 He could not have stay'd behind.
 Back the old man turn'd his bridle,
 None to bear him company,
 And in anger and in anguish,
 Ere he went, did he reproach them.—
 "Home to France ! ye recreant Frenchmen !
 Ye who love your lives with shame !
 Only for the sake of Beltram,
 Cowards, came I here with you—
 And not the faith which I have plighted,
 Nor the lots so falsely dealt me.
 "Send me back to seek my son,
 Love and vengeance are enough ;
 Since my son for love of honour,
 Did not call to mind his father.
 Back I go to St. Sebastian,
 Back I go—remembering him.
 "But if oaths and plighted homage,
 Frenchmen ! are of force with you,
 Think not that by my destruction
 Ye from danger shall escape !
 Cast again the lots, I tell you,
 See who next must seek for me,
 'Tis not for the dead I hasten,—
 'Tis for vengeance and for death."

H.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

A HARD CASE.—An American paper has the following brief, complaining paragraph :—

“One of our subscribers has stopped his paper, because we refused to insert an obituary, two columns in length, of a child of his which died at the age of two months. We should have had no objection to publish a short obituary of the infant—but what would our other readers have said to two mortal columns?”

It was, doubtless, a most unreasonable thing, to request the insertion of so voluminous an obituary of a child, which only reached the innocent age of a couple of months, and the fact of the father stopping his paper, because it was refused—only shows what queer customers our Yankee brethren of the press have to deal with. We are sorry, however, after all, that our friend of the broad sheet, on the other side of the Atlantic, did not, as a matter of curiosity, publish this two-column obituary; and we beg to give the father of the infantile deceased due notice, should this meet his eye, that the pages of *The Monthly Magazine* will be at once thrown open to him. Let him, by all means, send the obituary to us as soon as possible; and, even supposing it should occupy half our space, it shall grace the next following number of the *Monthly*. What we are curious to know is, where, or how, this exemplary parent possessed himself of materials respecting this infant—out of which he could spin two newspaper columns. We had thought the first two months of infancy were not particularly prolific of epochs or vicissitudes, out of which an obituary might be manufactured. It is pretty clear, one would think, that at that tender age, babies free from the vices of after life, could not have been overstocked with the positive virtues. What then, in the name of wonder, could this Yankee parent have had to say about his “little cherub,” that would have filled two columns. It may have been a “dear babe,” as all babes are; and it may have been devotedly attached to “nurse” and to “pap;” but then this is so commonplace an affair in the annals of babyship, that we cannot conceive on what ground this affectionate father thought them worthy of particular mention, in the case of his child. We wish we had not seen the above paragraph: it has inspired in us a consuming curiosity to see these two columns of infantine biography. The best biography ever written of any philosopher, statesman, or warrior, would not have half the same charms to our minds.

THE ANTI-MUSICAL MR. LAING.—Mr. Laing, the poor man’s friend, of Hatton Garden office, ordered three poor “foreign fellows,” to be sent, the other day, to the House of Correction for one month. And for what crime, do our readers think? Some very serious one, no doubt? For the crime of discoursing, the previous evenings, most sweet music in the streets. We had always supposed the Hatton-Garden worthy could have no relish for harmony; otherwise it would have

softened his disposition, however severe naturally, to a greater extent than we have yet seen any indications of; but we were not before aware that he carried his anti-musical dislikes so very far as it now appears he does. It is fortunate for Orpheus that he did not live in these days, and within the magisterial jurisdiction of Mr. Laing. Whatever effect his melody might have had on the stones of the field, it would have had a most awkward effect, for the musician, on Mr. Laing. The music, which, in this case, called forth so fearful a burst of this gentleman's magisterial ire, is said to have been exquisitely beautiful, and such as might have softened and subdued the most unfeeling soul—always, of course, excepting Mr. Laing's—in Christendom it has happily been decided at head quarters, that to treat the lieges to a little music in the streets, is no offence cognizable by law, however annoying it may be to the tympanum of the Hatton-Garden Solon. The three poor fellows have consequently been set at liberty. For this consummation, they and the public are indebted to the benevolent and spirited exertions of Mr. Barber Beaumont, who brought the case under the consideration of the Home Secretary. If Mr. Laing could not endure the charming music of these foreigners, we wonder how he would relish the Scotch bagpipes? We know that Donald, on one occasion, when travelling in Spain, was attacked by a wolf; which, after eating the dinner to which he had sat down by the road-side, threatened to masticate himself—and that he only escaped the animal's devouring jaws, by causing his bagpipes to emit some of their most discordant and snorting sounds, which made the wolf immediately take to its heels. We should not be surprised, now that to play the musician in the street is declared to be no offence against the law, if some kilted Highlandman should occasionally station himself opposite Mr. Laing's house, and serenade him, with his bagpipes, for some two or three hours at a time. This, to a person like Mr. Laing, would be much more intolerable, than was the House of Correction to the three unfortunate foreigners alluded to.

COMPLIMENT TO THE ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.—“Old Glory,” as Cobbett used to call him, has addressed another epistle to the electors of Westminster, in reply to Mr. O'Connell's “last” from Derrynane Abbey. A more wishy-washy, milk-and-water affair never emanated from the quill of any goose. In sheer stupidity it outdoes all that even Sir Francis himself has done of late. The epistolian, however, if he does nothing else to the purpose, takes care to give the electors of Westminster a rather broad hint as to the measure of respect in which he holds them, and the gratitude he feels towards them for their past services to him. If Mr. O'Connell escapes, they do not. Indeed, it may be more than suspected that, though the professed object of the letter was to chastise the member for Ireland, the real one was to express, by means of ironical language, the most sovereign contempt for his representatives. He commences his epistle thus:—“Gentlemen,—A frost having interrupted the sports of the field, I take up my pen to perform a work of supererogation in noticing the last drowsy, feeble, Alexandrian epistle from Derrynane,” &c. We are sure the electors of Westminster cannot fail duly to appreciate the high compliment thus paid them by implication: Sir Francis here very candidly admits that he infinitely prefers the sports of the field to his duties as representative of Westminster, and that he

disdained to bestow even a thought on his constituents, so long as there was any chance of unkennelling a fox, with any probability of pursuing him to the death. When the hoary-headed lover of the sports of the field next appears on the hustings of Westminster, we hope the electors will, without ceremony, take care to insure to themselves the sport of hunting him off the hustings, and thus put it into his power, as far as they are concerned, of enjoying the pleasures of the chase till doomsday. But let us do justice to Sir Francis: he deserves credit for his straightforwardness. There are other representatives who hold their constituents equally cheap, but they either lack the honesty or courage to say so. Sir Francis says that, could the people of Ireland open their eyes, they would say to O'Connell, in reference to the tribute, as the frogs said in the fable—"Though this be sport to you, it is death to us." Does not this look very like certain personages' representative. Might not the foxes, with a still greater—nay, with a literal propriety, address the same language to Sir Francis himself, when prosecuting the "sports of the field."

EPISCOPAL LORDS.—Whatever it may prove when time shall be no more, it must be a very comfortable thing to be one of the "dignitaries of the church," as they are called, in the present life. It is true, they all promise, on taking holy orders, to renounce the "poms and vanities of this wicked world," but how far they adhere to the solemn engagement, we leave to themselves to say. The following short paragraph, which appeared in the daily papers a few days since, speaks volumes on the subject:—"The Archbishop of Canterbury and family have arrived at the Palace, Lambeth, for the season."

We wonder if the Apostle Paul, or the Apostle Peter, or any other of the twelve, had palaces to reside in; and if so, whether their transit from one such place of residence to another, was heralded in the same way as that of their successors of the present day. When the Apostles arrived at any particular place, during their sojourn on earth, it was for a "season" of a very different kind from that indicated in the above brief paragraph. Their "seasons" were seasons of cold, hunger, thirst, nakedness, reproaches, and persecutions of every kind. They knew nothing of the "seasons" of routs, balls, levees, operas, card-playing, &c. Neither did they know what it was, like their self-styled successors of the present day, to roll about in their carriages, preaching, or "charging" their diocese rather, once in three or four years. If we would be unconverted until it is done by the dignitaries of the church, we have no sanguine hopes of living to see, even should we reach the age of Methuselah, that desirable consummation. How abundant the cause which the church of England has to pray that she may be saved from her friends! Hume, Gibbon, Paine, and all the Roman Catholics and Dissenters to boot, never inflicted on her half the injury which her own "dignitaries" have done.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—These interesting personages are now, it appears, in Paris. One of the Journals compliments them on being much attached to each other. So they undoubtedly are; but like many an attachment between husband and wife, it is one which they cannot help. Whether, if they had it in their power to part with each other when they pleased, they would betray so much fondness for one another's company, is a question which it is not for us to answer. They act wisely, however, in existing circumstances, to make themselves as agreeable together as

possible. It would prove a much more "untoward circumstance" in their case than in that of any "united pair," were they addicted to quarrelling, as neither could, by any exercise of his ingenuity, escape even for one little moment from the vituperation of the other. Husband and wife, when they quarrel, can betake themselves to separate apartments; and by that means, enjoy a temporary exemption, at least, from the reproaches and criminations of each other. Not so with the Siamese Twins: whatever the one chooses to say, the other is compelled to hear.

WORKING COLLIERIES.—We could almost wish, that fate had destined us to be "working colliers." In that case we should have had some hopes of eventually attaining to wealth, if not to fame. As poor magazine editors, we have not the most slender prospect of either. The individual referred to in the following paragraph, may bless his stars, that he was made a working collier, instead of the editor of a journal. Had he filled the latter situation, he could, most certainly, never have had the good luck which is in reserve for him; for no one ever yet heard of "an editor" establishing his claim to property of "immense annual value;" nor of septennial value either. But let the paragraph alluded to, tell its own story:—

"A working collier, hitherto in very distressed circumstances, has recently established his claim as heir to property of immense annual value, near Ashby, in Liecestershire."

This is the eleventh or twelfth "working collier," who, if the papers may be credited, have had similar good fortune within the last six months. In all the other instances, if we remember rightly, there was a peerage, or some great title, associated with the "immense property." We are surprised to miss this pleasant-sounding appendage in the present instance. Probably, it may be the next thing to which this "working collier" may establish his claim. What lucky rascals these underground gentry are! It is right, however, to add, that however clearly they establish their claims to immense property, distinguished titles, &c., in the columns of public journals, they do not do it in one case out of a thousand in a court of law. It is the latter consideration alone, that prevents us from throwing ourselves into a "coal mine" at once.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—Men may laugh and ridicule as they choose, but intellect is on the march at the present moment. Important discoveries are daily—nay, hourly being made in the arts and sciences. The most remarkable discovery which has been made of late, is thus recorded in the "Morning Herald" of Saturday the 22d, with all the solemnity which distinguishes the announcements of that journal:—

"A newly invented instrument called the *Axyrite*, has just been announced, with which, to the great dismay of the Barbers, persons may shave themselves without the use of either razor, soap, or water."

It is quite natural that the announcement of the discovery of the *Axyrite* should spread dismay among the barbers, just as the expected loss of office, when in power, spread dismay among the Tories. But on the Benthamite principle of the greatest happiness to the greatest numbers—that is to say, when we ourselves chance to be among the latter—we rejoice with ineffable joy at the ingenious invention. The barbers, fortunately, have one course open to them, which, we doubt

not, they will forthwith take: namely, to apply to the legislature for compensation. If their occupation, like that of Othello, be gone, what matters it to them, in point of fact, whether it be by an act of the legislature, or by the ingenuity of some of their fellow subjects. Their right to compensation is, in either case, as undoubted as that of the Town Clerks of the corporations. We understand, that the Duke of Cumberland and Colonel Sibthorpe intend henceforth to shave by means of the Axyrite; as their only objections to the process before had their origin in an unconquerable aversion to the application of soap or water to the lower parts of their physiognomies. It is also said, that, as a mark of their admiration of the great genius of the inventor, they mean to use all their influence with their Tory friends to procure a government pension of 500*l.* a year for him, when they return to office. The ingenious inventor of the Axyrite, who is a zealous Conservative, also holds out hopes, we understand, of being able to discover, in three or four weeks, a similar instrument by which he will not only be able to eject Lord Melbourne and his mendacious colleagues from office, but by which he can secure to the Tories the reins of government till the crack of doom. The name of the latter instrument has not yet transpired.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—A morning paper, in describing an explosion which took place a few days since in a house in the New Cattle Market at Islington, states, "that two persons were blown through the roof, but happily escaped uninjured." Lucky dogs that they were! The escape was certainly a miraculous one, but that is no reason why the truth of the "penny-a-liner's" statement should be doubted. This class of *literati* are in the habit of seeing and hearing of hair-breadth escapes, and other marvellous occurrences, which never meet the eye or ear of any body else. We have no doubt that Baron Munchausen was a "penny-a-liner," for no one not a member of the fraternity could ever have undergone such wonderful vicissitudes, or witnessed such marvellous incidents, as those with which his celebrated pages teem. There exists no more rational ground for doubting that these two individuals alluded to were blown through the roof of the house by the explosion, and escaped uninjured, than there is for questioning the veracity of the venerable Baron's statement, when he states that on one occasion, when he had ascended a tree, it was torn up by the roots in a storm, and after being whirled for many hours in the air, and travelling a distance of three hundred miles, returned to the same spot, and struck its roots again in the earth, he remaining all the while quite comfortably ensconced amidst its ample foliage. We have, we repeat, no more right to doubt the truth of the first statement than we have to question the veracity of the second. We might have added, that the story of the two men being fired through the roof, just as if discharged from the barrel of a gun, without receiving the slightest injury, further perhaps than a momentary fright, is every whit as true as that other adventure, narrated by the aforesaid Baron,—namely, that when on one occasion making a long voyage, some huge fish swallowed the ship, a three-decker, with her largest mast one hundred feet high, and that the unfortunate ship, with all on board, remained in the belly of the said fish three months, when the "finny animal," on being suddenly seized with sickness, one morning, discharged himself of a commodity which must have been very

burdensome to her stomach, especially if tender. We may ourselves mention a rather marvellous occurrence which took place in the county of Elgin, in 1829, and which, as being 200 miles from the metropolis, has escaped the penny-a-liners:—the memorable flood of that year, amongst other ravages it committed on the property on the banks of the Spey, swept off, in the middle of the night, a little house, with nothing but “a but and a ben,” tenanted by an aged weaver. The water, somehow or other, never entered the house, though it carried it away; and the weaver, who had been up all night in order to finish a web he had on hand, continued most industriously to ply the shuttle during the time he and his house were being carried forty miles down the river, when the water gently deposited the house and its inmate on an eminence it chanced to overflow to the depth of five feet, and left it there perfectly uninjured. In passing Craigellachie Bridge, the son of the shuttler chanced to look out at the window, and observing a great number of people standing on the bridge, gazing at the flood, he took off his hat, and making a gentle nod, saluted them with—“It’s rather a dewy morning, friends!” the spectators assented, and the industrious weaver resumed his shuttle. It was only when he went out after taking breakfast—by which time the waters had subsided—that he discovered that a change had taken place in the locality of his humble abode.

LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Supplement to “Bent’s Literary Advertiser,” for 1835, just issued, contains lists of the New Books and Engravings published in London, during the past year, with their sizes and prices. The number of books is about 1400, exclusive of New Editions, Pamphlets, or Periodicals, being 130 more than in 1834. The number of Engravings is 100 (including 47 Portraits), 15 of which are engraved in the line manner, 75 in Mezzotinto, and 10 in Aquatinta, Chalk, &c. This publication is so well known—its reputation so well grounded, that praise from us would be superfluous. It constitutes, perhaps, the only really genuine and well-authenticated daily and hourly Reference Book, to which the London and Country Bookseller may refer with confidence and security: moreover, it is well established as the “Text Book” of the literary commonwealth of England, if not of France, America, and Europe. It is but bare justice to the present Editor and Proprietor to state, that under his able management, the *arrangement* of “Bent’s Advertiser” has been considerably improved.

The Paris Advertiser and Journal of English and Foreign Literature, George W. M. Reynolds, British and Foreign Library, Paris:—We have received the first number of this enlarged and much improved weekly emanation from the teeming press of Paris, or La Belle France; and feel bound to state our cordial approval—admiration, indeed—of the metamorphosis it has so suddenly undergone. We congratulate both the Editor and Proprietor of the “Journal of English and Foreign Literature,” on their new undertaking, which, we think, merits extensive patronage.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Reminiscences of a Literary Life. By the REV. T. FROGNALL DIBDIN, D.D. In two handsome volumes, royal 8vo., with a finely done portrait of the author, together with numerous engravings on wood and copper—all of them of a superior order. John Major, 71, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, pp. 982.

At length—but not until the patience of the literati had been, in a slight degree, discomposed, in consequence of the delay—this astute and scholarly performance has made its appearance in the arena of modern classicity; and although we are not prepared to aver that it is,

“Above all Greek, above all Roman fame,”

yet we incline to the belief that it will be acknowledged—by all “honourable minds” and impartial critics—to constitute a work of no ordinary character, eminently calculated to adorn the “library table” of Lady Blessington, our benevolent, accomplished and exalted literary patroness; as it is worthy of a place *near* the portfolio of Lord Holland, and our first-class schoolmen.

These, and such as these, are the masters, as we also opine, that teach without scolding, and chastise without stripes; and, despite the “clamorous prattle” of designing reviewers, we most cheerfully rank ourselves amongst those who think highly of Dr. Dibdin’s “*Reminiscences of a Literary Life*,” and as we really think, so we express, in respectful, but by no means eloquent language, our unbiassed opinion. We shall, in all probability, return to this refreshing work in our next Number. We have to express our qualified regret, that Dr. Dibdin’s, like many other respectable publishers, did not forward our copy *before* the 16th of the month. We hope this may be attended to in future—by all our friends—and by publishers especially.

We had nearly forgotten to remark upon Dr. Dibdin’s dedication. “To Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., &c., this work is respectfully inscribed by his affectionate friend and faithful servant, the author.” These handsome and illustrated volumes are admirably printed.

The Tourist’s Guide through the Swiss and Italian Cantons. By WM. BEATTIE, M.D., &c., illustrated in a series of views taken expressly for this work, by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. Parts 18 and 19. G. Virtue, Ivy Lane.

MUCH as we approved of some of the former parts of this highly interesting work, we cannot help expressing our still more favourable opinion of the two parts now before us. The one (part 18) contains, independently of the excellent letter-press, four beautifully engraved views—namely, Mount Caroin, Bern, Breig, with the ascent of the Simplon; together with a view of a street in Sion Valais. The other (part 19), contains a scene in the Valley of St. Nicholas; Magadino, Lago, Mazzione; the Pays de Vaud; and the defile of Gottenon. We are right glad to see a work so replete with highly finished landscape engravings—the best in this way we have yet seen—proceed with such increasing excellence. It speaks volumes for the taste of the present age.

Friendship's Offering for 1836. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS splendidly-bound volume contains many excellent articles, both in prose and verse. The illustrations are also of the highest order. Mr. Harrison has paid a feeling tribute to the memory of the able Editor who preceded him. His name is already familiar to the reading world. His own admirable article in the present volume, entitled "The Man that could never say No," alone bespeaks his competence for the present undertaking. When we mention the names of W. Jerdan, Barry Cornwall, L. E. L., the author of the *Gipsy*, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, T. K. Harvey, Douglas Jerrold, "Chartley," "Truckleborough Hall," and many others which have become household words in our literature, we have said enough to confirm its high rank, which is sooner increased than diminished. There are also four poems by Thomas Miller, basket-maker. *The Literary Gazette*, *Athenæum*, *Court Journal*, *Courier*, *Globe*, and many other able papers, have already pronounced their favourable opinion of his merits, and we shall proceed to extract the following poem, without offering any further remarks than saying, that we coincide in their judgment.

THE EVENING HYMN.

How many days, with mute adieu,
Have gone down yon untrodden sky!
And still it looks as clear and blue,
As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder, tramping deep and loud,
Have left no foot-mark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rung so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut, and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
That still low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God! of Thee.
The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,
The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the lonely rook,—
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes;
Bright guardians of the blue-browed night;
What are ye in your native skies?
I know not! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim or end.

I know they must be holy things,
That from a roof so sacred shine,
Where sounds the beat of angel-wings,
And footsteps echo all Divine.

Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor hearkened to what Science tells.
For, oh! in childhood I was taught
That God amidst them dwells.

The darkening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusky pathways blacker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade,—
All, all is mute below.

And other eves as sweet as this
Will close upon as calm a day,
And, sinking down the deep abyss,
Will, like the last, be swept away;
Until eternity is gained,
That boundless sea without a shore,
That without time for ever reigned,
And will when time's no more.

Now Nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

The Book of Christmas. By T. K. HERVEY. With Illustrations by R. Seymour. Spooner.

WE had thought that with Hone, who furnished the reading world with some interesting and amusing essays on the carol-customs of old Christmas, all hope of a further and still more graphic delineation of those ancient and pleasant revelries of our Saxon forefathers had passed away for aye. It is true that the great American literaturist, Washington Irving, in his fascinating "Sketch Book," most happily contrived to dovetail some of those scenes and sketches, which led us from time present back to the "merry Christmas" time of other days, with no less delight than laughter-loving amusement. Nevertheless, it needs no confirmation, nor, indeed, does it require a Bible oath to be taken, to more plainly show that, to T. K. Hervey, the poet of fancy and of feeling, was it left to consummate the task which had only been begun by the before-mentioned sons of genius and of fame.

This clever and trenchant annual, then, has made its first appearance on the metropolitan stage of the world, under auspices of no ordinary kind. Although T. K. Hervey must be considered—in the exalted sense of the phrase—its author-editor, yet we are bound to state, that this accomplished gentleman and scholar has been assisted throughout his labours consequent on this astute undertaking by Mr. Crofton Croker, of whose taste and literary acquirements we do not feel called upon to speak:—suffice it, the association of Mr. Croker's name with that of the editor's, we think, ought to have its due weight with our generous and enlightened republic of letters.

The "Book of Christmas" is divided into two parts: the first treats of this festive season of the year—feelings of the season—the signs and tokens of the season, and so on. The second part sets forth the different "Days"—Christmas Day—Christmas Eve—St. Stephen's Day, with many other saints' days—the eve and the day of the new year—Twelfth Day, and so on:—the fun and frolic—the festive and other feeling—the vernacular poetry of the season—all, all these, with many more, conspire to make this time-and-care-destroying merry Christmas Book what, in fine, it ought to be—every English family's fire-side companion. We have no room for extract; and, if we had, deem it unfair to transfer to our pages in part, or in "shreds and patches," what will be best read in the "Book of Christmas" itself. The work is well appointed in every respect—the illustrations are really—*genuine*—and no mistake. The "Book of Christmas" will, no doubt, be added to the list of our annuals, with literary exultation, by the generous patrons of literature and art. A word in "season," and to sensible people—how good it is!

The Comic Annual, by THOMAS HOOD, Esq. A. H. Bailey and Co. Cornhill.

COME what may—after this annual remembrancer of every-day comicalities—we give this latter emanation from the piquant pen of Thomas Hood, Esq.—yea, and every inch a gentleman—a cordial welcome to this our sacred and ever noiseless studio, in good sooth, in the very best season, the

"Witching time of night,"

and therefore—all the better, and still more welcome. Hail to thee, Sir Thomas Hood! grand master of indispensable comicalities; surveyor-general of fun and frolic; potent arbiter of all literary pasquinades, whether done in prose or verse; rigmarole verbiage; or double-distilled doggerel rhymes—all hail to thee, "great captain of the age." Humph! To be serious. Once more—from a crest overlooking Kaltenerberger in the Eifel, our exquisite Punster makes his *annual* bow. To be sure, as he says in his "Preface," he is more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, on a teutonic mountain, in the midst of a palpable fog, to which it is accustomed eight days out of seven,—but neither difference nor distance make any difference to us Germans in our salutes:—*we* can bow round a corner, or down a crooked lane. To see us bow retrospectively sometimes, would remind you of that polite author, who submitting to a classical authority, said, with an appropriate bend, "I bow to the Ancients." "We all *smoke* in Germany," and "Country Quarters," are clever "papers," and laughably illustrated. On the whole, the "Comic Annual," for 1836, is, to all intents and purposes, as the lawyers say, an improvement upon its amusing predecessors.

The Roman Catholic Church of Scotland, its Establishment, Subversion, and Present State. By JOHN PARKER LAWSON, M.A., Author of "The Life and Times of Archbishop Laud," &c. pp. 320. Edinburgh Printing and Publishing Company. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., &c. &c.

THIS is the first work of intrinsic value and equal merit which the Edinburgh Printing and Publishing Company have sent forth for the enlightenment of those who stand in need of the historical facts connected with the old Catholic supremacy and domination in Scotland, prior to the Reformation. This volume is not a mere history of the Reformation in Scotland, or its causes, which are well known to almost every reader, but is what its title imports, the last years of the Roman Catholic Establishment—its political and ecclesiastical position at that eventful period—the first attacks made upon it—its struggles for existence—its final subversion—the destruction of its edifices—the alienation of its temporalities—and its *present* state, after the lapse of three centuries.

Zealously attached to the Protestant church, and especially to that branch of it of which he is a member, the author has nevertheless avoided (sensibly-wisely)

controversy, his object having been to write neither as the partizan of one party nor as the vituperator of another; and he is not without hope that this volume may induce some writer, competent to the task—and one it will be of no ordinary difficulty and labour—to undertake a similar work on the subversion of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England.

This exciting work itself, to which we must refer our readers, is one of considerable interest, and is well written and printed.

The Cabinet of Modern Art, and Literary Souvenir, for 1836. Edited by ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS, Esq. Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

WE had just time enough to briefly notice this splendid production—both of art and literature—in our January number. Nor do we now feel disposed to dwell for any length of time, and with a view to draw further attention, upon its superior merits. As a literaturist, Mr. Watts stands higher than many of his ungenerous cotemporaries and author-editors. But let that pass. (We have good reason to know what it is to compete with those “reptiles,” who call themselves literary men; and who are in fact the very monomaniacs of the press itself, despite its heaven-directed blessings.) The Literary Souvenir, for 1836, is confessedly superior to any of its predecessors, however good, as it is above capricious praise—whether we turn to the highly-finished embellishments, which render it not only valuable but beautiful; or whether we recur, as we have done, again and again, to the bright and elegant imaginings of the cultivated mind, which are so sensibly blended and illustrated, so as to constitute “The Cabinet of Modern Art and Literary Souvenir.” The binding of this brilliant bijou of Belle Lettres is of the most finished and classic description. In short, this “parent volume” of *all* the annuals is splendidly appointed, and cannot fail of meriting the unqualified approbation of every patron of genius, and of every lover of literature and art. We might have said more: we could not write less.

The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual, for 1836. Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS. Fisher, Son, and Co., London and Paris.
—(*Second Notice.*)

IT is delightful to follow the Reverend Editor of this interesting work through the pleasant paths which he has so discerningly laid out on the pleasure-grounds of his own mental estate, entitled “mind:” the which, too, he has had the good taste to embellish and illumine with some of the choicest, indeed, brightest, of intellectual loveliness. That the Reverend Editor is a man of genius and true piety, we think, will not be doubted. That he is sufficiently unpretending we take upon ourselves to demonstrate. In his sensible and unambitious “preface” we are told, that in consequence of the encouragement publicly bestowed on the volume for 1835, greater exertions have been made to render the present publication increasingly welcome to the Christian reader of intelligence and taste. We are glad to see the pages of the “Christian Keepsake” devoted to the interests of piety and benevolence at home, and the records of the progress of Christianity abroad: the latter furnished by Missionaries who have dwelt among the people to whom these notices refer, or individuals whom professional or scientific pursuits have led to the countries they describe. With a trifling addition to the price, the number of the plates has been extended to seventeen, and the size so enlarged as to exceed, in this respect, the most costly and attractive of its contemporaries. The engravings, in point of execution, will be found equal to those of the preceding volumes, while the additional number of admirable portraits of individuals, eminent in the walks of Christian philanthropy, will greatly enhance their worth. It would be doing a manifest injustice to give “extracts” from the “Christian Keepsake;” and, therefore, we most respectfully refer our readers to the work itself, which is handsomely appointed.

Sunday. A Poem.

WE have to apologise to this talented mechanic for not having noticed his poems earlier. There is a rough freshness in his pictures, especially the first production, an aptness at seizing the most prominent features of his characters, a kind of sturdiness, a Cobbettism not easily overthrown; but his later production is more finished—practice has done much for his versification, it will yet do more. His character of the street-preacher is very graphic; his picture of the church-going citizens severely correct; his portrait of the street-keeper admirable. We shall feel a pleasure in reading more of his poems.

Reading and Writing, or an Improved Spelling-Book. By DONALD WALKER. T. Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Joseph Lancaster demonstrated that children might be taught to read and write together; and Dr. Bell, who followed fast in his wake, and then went before, carried the demonstration to every part of the kingdom. To show how slow the public is ever to appreciate even demonstrable truth, we may advert to the fact that, even now, but very few private schools imitate the practice of those public ones for teaching the lower classes, who often receive a better education than those immediately above them. Mr. Walker's book has a tendency to give the higher classes the advantage which they have most certainly lost by their inaction and inattention to improvement and education. We do not know a better book either for the *teacher* or the pupil, and this is saying much for the work, but no more than is justly its due.

Sketches of Natural History. By MARY HOWITT. Effingham Wilson.

WHEN we saw the name of Howitt on the title-page of this book, we thought that if it contained only half as many lies as the History of Priestcraft was stuffed with, it would be a very saleable book. Howitt's text is, that ninety-nine hundredths of mankind are fools, and he would be their oracle—and we only wonder that a mind so sweetly attuned to nature could have been linked to a heart of granite. It would be a great malady for Mr. Howitt to write for children; but while his much, *very much better* half writes as she has done here, she will perform an essential service to the rising generation. The book is beautiful, both in the poetry of nature and of painting, and we cannot too strongly recommend it.

Cherville's First Step to French. Effingham Wilson.

THIS little work is an applicative of Mr. De Porquet's system of teaching French with a grammar. De Porquet's system we have always admired, because it is in unison with nature, and because it proceeds upon the principle of practical utility. The parallel between the pronunciation, etymology, accidence, and idioms of the parts of speech, is on a new plan, and adds to the value of the work.

The Story without an End. By SARAH AUSTIN. Effingham Wilson.

MRS. AUSTIN has performed a most important service to education by her publication on the "Prussian System," a work which is of the utmost importance to this country at the present time. It is delightful at all times to see a great mind descend, and one of the finest moral pictures that this world ever saw, was that of Charles the Twelfth acting the pony to his little child. We can only say of this work, that we should like to be a child again to read it, and feel the force of its beautiful sentiments.

A Brief Memoir of Sir Wm. Blizard, Knt., F.R.S., & L. & E. Surgeon and Vice-President of the London Hospital; read before the Huntonian Society, Oct. 7, 1835. With additional Particulars of his Writings. By JOHN COOKE, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c Longman and Co.

THIS very sensible essay is from the pen of a gentleman of good taste and feeling, is well written, and contains some interesting matter well worthy the attention both of the learned, scientific, and professional literaturist.

The Scripture Cabinet. Allan Bell and Co., Warwick Square.

A CONCISE summary of the principal events in Biblical History, neatly illustrated by LISARS. We strongly recommend this book to teachers, and all who are charged with the important task of educating young persons.

Tales for Boys, and Tales for Girls. W. Darton, Holborn Hill.

TWO pretty little volumes, well worthy the attention of the parent, as a present of sterling worth, combining the useful with the interesting.

The Mother's Assistant. Derby: Thomas Richardson.

THIS useful little juvenile instructor contains sixteen hundred and eighty words of one syllable, *classed according to sound*. Nothing could be conceived better adapted to the purpose for which it is intended, and we recommend its use to those who are on the first step of the ladder of knowledge, or guiding others up that "steep (but necessary) ascent, so hard to climb."

A Popular Manual of the Art of Preserving Health, embracing the Subject of Diet, Air, Exercise, Gymnastics, General and Physical Education, Occupations, Bathing, Clothing, Ventilation, &c., designed for the Use of all Ranks and Professions in Society. By W. J. B. DAVIS, Surgeon. Whittaker and Co.

THIS is an elaborate and masterly undertaking on the part of the author, evidently an acute and able essayist, who has laboured pretty successfully to demonstrate that there is no longer a shadow of reason for doubting that the preservation of health, and the material prolongation of life, are largely within the mediate, if not immediate, control of well-directed intelligence. We congratulate Mr. Davis, and have only to express our regret that we cannot draw largely from his excellent work, by way of extract.

The Landscape Gardener; comprising the History and Principles of Tasteful Horticulture. By J. DENNIS, B.C.L. Ridgway and Sons, Piccadilly.

THIS refreshing volume is dedicated to Sir Richard Colt Hoare, as a practical amateur and liberal patron of taste, &c., &c., and, as we opine, will prove altogether worthy of such a protectorate; for, whether we revert to the various essays devoted to the subject of landscape gardening, taste for horticulture, Italian landscapes, or the Dutch and Roman styles; or whether we linger over the very effective illustrations with which this charming work abounds,—such as the "View from the West Walk,"—we are alike pleasingly interested and entertained. This work will be sure to go through many editions.

The Florist Cultivator, or Plain Directions for the Management of the principal Shrubs, &c., &c. By THOMAS WILLATS, Esq., Amateur Cultivator. James Ridgway and Sons.

HERE we have another interesting and skilful essay, and from the same enterprising publishers. The subject matter of this scientific work is at once deeply interesting. Of all rational amusements, the cultivation of plants is the most so: it promotes health, invigorates the animal spirits, and, if persons are of a contemplative turn of mind, there is nothing so elevating to our ideas of beauty as the subject of flowers; for whilst we are employed in viewing the admirable productions of nature, it ought at all times to lead us to the God of the universe, who formed them all. There is no work so well calculated to encourage useful reflections upon the subject of flowers as the late Rev. Jas. Hervey's "Meditations in the Flower Garden." We venture to predict, for the accomplished author of this work, both fame and profit. Indeed, it may be deemed, and we think with a better show of classification,—The Florist's Complete Text Book.

The Engineer's and Mechanic's Encyclopedia; comprising Practical Illustrations of Machinery, &c. Parts 2 and 3. By LUKE HEBERT, Civil Engineer. Thos. Kelly, Paternoster-row.

WE are right glad to hear of the success of this meritorious and useful work. If the succeeding are equal to the numbers already before the public, we cannot for a moment hesitate to speak in high terms of praise of the work as a whole. We shall notice this utilitarian work with more than ordinary interest from time to time.

The Walls-End Miner; or, a brief Memoir of the Life of William Christer: including an Account of the Catastrophe of June 18, 1835. By JAMES EVERETT, Author of "Edwin," "The Village Blacksmith," &c. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

"To persons remote from the scene where the subject of this volume spent his days, and also unacquainted with its local history, it would be almost necessary for us to state, that 'Walls-End' is situated on the North Side of the Tyne, in the county of Northumberland, immediately on the main road leading from Newcastle to Shields, and is about four miles, being an equal distance, from each place. The name is derived from the famous Wall built by the Emperor Severus, A.D. 207," &c. Thus much we have extracted from the unpretending preface which accompanies the work before us. Of the merits of this interesting and instructive volume, we must be understood to speak candidly—we are disposed to do justice—they are of an order which cannot fail to elicit commendation. The memoir of an orphan, from beginning to end, is well written—the characters introduced fairly sustained—and the interest kept up throughout. Had we space for extract, we should certainly give one or two. We had nearly forgotten to remark upon the excellent letter-press of this work, which affords another proof of the progress of the "art of printing" in the provinces as well as in London; indeed, the printing of this book is quite equal to the average execution of letter-press in town.

Winkles's English Cathedrals. No. 13. Royal 4to. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

CONTAINING three finely executed engravings (on steel), illustrative of the Cathedral Church of Wells; together with the usual quantity of descriptive letter-press. We think this popular work improves in each department as it progresses.

Winkles's Continental Cathedrals. No. I. Royal 4to. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

THIS is a new and very superior publication, comprising four finely engraved (on steel) illustrations of the Cathedral Church of Amiens, together with descriptive letter-press. The drawings were made by R. Garland, architect; the description by Thomas Moule, author of an Essay on Roman Villas. This is a work of undoubted merit and utility.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. Plate 7. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS charming work continues to attract universal attention. The present number contains four beautiful plates, illustrative of Broadstairs, Dover Pier, Boulogne, and Boulogne Old Pier, with the usual quantity of descriptive matter.

The Architectural Magazine. No. 23. January, 1836. Longman and Co.

THIS number is quite equal to those which have preceded it. We have been much pleased with the "paper" *On the Design of the New Houses of Parliament*, by Candidus.

Arboretum Britannicum, &c. Longman and Co.

THE January number of this meritorious work presents an unusual quantity of matter, accompanied by an increased mass of illustration, both of which are well deserving praise.

A few Remarks on the Present Laws of Marriage, Adultery, and Seduction in England, to Lord Brougham and Vaux, Member of the Institute of France. By P. ANICHINI, a Briton by Act of the Reformed Parliament. Second Edition, with considerable Additions. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

THIS is a very able essay, by a distinguished and sensible writer. The author says, in his eloquent dedication to Ebenezer Elliott, Esq.—"You have exposed, in the idiom of sublime poetry, the iniquity of the corn laws: I have denounced, in the humble simplicity of prose, the infamy of the laws of marriage and adultery."

As we have no space for extracts, it only remains for us to observe, which we are enabled to do with perfect satisfaction to ourselves, that our author has accomplished his task with infinite credit. We most cordially direct the immediate attention of our readers to this *overgrown* pamphlet—nevertheless, a pamphlet is a pamphlet still, notwithstanding it consists of six sheets of well-printed letter-press.

The Divarication of the New Testament into Doctrinal History. By THOMAS WIRGMAN, Esq., Author of "The Principles of Transcendental Philosophy," "Kant," "Logic," "Metaphysics," "Moral Philosophy," and Philosophy in the "Encyclopædia Londinensis." London: Wurtz and Co. pp. 604.

THE author of this volume is a lion whom the great directors of the religious world have been afraid to beard. *The Evangelical Magazine* confessed it could not comprehend him; *The Baptist Missionary Register*, that it could not understand him; *The Quarterly* said that to attempt to prove the doctrine of the Trinity, the professed object of the book, was arch heresy; and the great organ of Church of Englandism, in its sulphur suit, *The British Magazine*, shouted with all its might, "The Church in danger," while the "little dogs, Toby, Blanch, and

Sweetheart," all barked at him, from *Fraser's Threepenny* to the Farthing Rushlight of Costermongers' Hall. The author, however, like the great men who have been in advance of their age some centuries, bore all things patiently: he printed, he published, he chalked the walls, he billed the Bibles, — **DIVARICATION** stared us in the face at every angle, and every body wanted to know what the Divarication could be. There was a mystical union of red, white, and blue — there were rays of sunshine, glory, and cloudiness; soul and body; angles and triangles; and a variety of symbols, which appeared calculated to perplex reason through all its calculations. Yet one fact stood clear — one that was understood — one that found an answer from every bosom, — and that was, **PRICE ONE GUINEA** (that did not own a ninny,) at the bottom of the title-page — so people read no further.

But what is the **DIVARICATION** — this *Jesus Natura* — this mental Salamander — this moral sea serpent, — seen, and not seen — conceived, but not imagined? What is its author — is he a man or an orang-outang? Does he not want to take a very reverend personage by the horns, and swear Lucifer his true liege man, on the cross of a Welsh hook? Yea, verily, he is a man who would take a beam of the sun for his shoe-tie — knock down the great wall of China — measure the spectre of the Bodken for a pair of unmentionables — and sup sulphur posset out of the crater of Mount Vesuvius. There are few things to be ill done when it is well done, from a beefsteak to a mistake, that Thomas Wigram cannot do. But what is the **DIVARICATION**? To this we will come presently; but first, for the author of it, — the "shunned," the "forsaken," the "rejected," the "beset," the "belaboured," the "abused," who writes upon his banner, "I am in controversy with all the world" — but yet, not so, for I have found the *truth*, and therefore controversy is for fools —

EUREKA."

We had imagined the author of the *Divarication* to be one of those "unearthly horrors" who walk about with *green* spectacles, *sallow green* complexion, and in a *brown* stud, tipped with the **BLUES** and *deficet* of the *YELLOWS*. But how were we surprised when we saw a "full and proper man," with a rosy cheek and brilliant eye, hopping over sixty years with as much alacrity as a flea would over a counterpane, and chirping as merrily as a brown cricket in a hay-field. "Philosophy, not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose," but full of fun and frolic as a Christmas pantomime, though not so full of tricks. The **DIVARICATION** — that book of books, which made the hairs of the Bishop of London's wig uncurl themselves and push his hat off, standing up therefrom like skewers in a side of bacon; — that tome of tomes, that volume of volumes, which concentrates within itself all that exists, and on which is written, as was on the temple of the Egyptian Isis —

"I am whatever is,
I am whatever was,
I am whatever shall be,
And the veil that covers my features
No mortal hand has ever raised."

That *sword* of the mind, which, unable to unravel the web of human existence, and the mysterious connection of body and soul, would seek to *cut it* — not as the Duke of Wellington is said to have cut the "Dog Billy," but as the sword of Alexander cut the gordian knot — with an asseveration to make a *deseveration*, and which, by cutting one in the middle, can turn three into one. Without, however, wishing to perform so formidable a task, we may be permitted to make some observations on the work before us. The subject of mental philosophy, involving as it does metaphysical inquiry, has hitherto baffled the most splendid minds of former as of modern times. Dr. Reid, with his common sense, put all common sense to the blush; and Dugald Stewart, that elegant and splendid writer, from his immense erudition, has given us the *literature* of many important questions, but nothing that can be called the philosophy of the human mind. That acute reasoner, Dr. Thomas Brown, whom Scotchmen think the *ne plus ultra* of meta-

physical research, threw the philosophy of Reid into the shade as a thing of naught; and now comes Mr. Wirgman, and if there is any truth in sound reasoning, in mathematical logic, he as completely finishes the school of the "Brownies" as he would any other hobgoblins of the land of flood and field.

The philosophy of Mr. Wirgman is that of Immanuel Kant, the great German metaphysician, weeded from all its incongruities and impurities. The object is to prove the whole of the Christian doctrine to be divine by the strict method of analysis and deduction; and we may say that the author has brought into his work a degree of mental strength rarely to be found in works of the present day. To the most logical reasoning he has added all the graces of diction, and has thus rendered what would otherwise have been "dry reading" interesting and even entertaining. If the desire of proving, upon a mathematical principle, religion to be true, is a great and good one, no less great and good is the other object which Mr. Wirgman professes,—namely, that of destroying for ever all sectarian differences. These designs, prosecuted with an ardour, an indefatigability, and a perseverance, not surpassed by any of the great minds of former ages or the present, are likely, if not now, yet ultimately, to be realized. "He who shall separate motive from action, truth from fiction, religion from hypocrisy, virtue from its shadow, reason from sense, principle from instinct, our essential from our animal nature," says the pious Hooper, "will deserve a monument more lasting than the Pyramids of Egypt." To enable us to ascertain how much chance there is of this great wish being accomplished, we shall, without further comment, refer at once to the "Divarication."

Valpy's Elements of Greek Grammar. Longman and Co.
Whittaker and Co.

Ἀρχὴ ἑλληνικῆς γραμματικῆς. The beginning is the half of the whole, and what is well begun is truly done. This may be applied to the Grammar before us with much fitness. Mr. Valpy's series of school and college classics is excellent, and his courage in introducing the English Greek Grammar is to be commended by every friend to improvement. Of all the ancient languages, Greek is at once the most nervous and comprehensive, and stands no comparison with the Latin. The only language, indeed, that approaches it is the English, and we do not see why an inferior language should be used to explain and illustrate one so infinitely superior. The English, then, we hold to be the most fitting for this work, as it more nearly approaches the language to be acquired; and we look upon Valpy's Greek English Grammar to be far more serviceable to the young pupil than those which would render the abstract difficulties of a grammar more perplexing by a Latin context.

Exercises for Ladies, calculated to preserve and improve *Beauty*, and to prevent and correct Personal Defects, founded on Physiological Principles. With Thirty-three Outline Plates. T. Hurst, St. Paul's Church-yard.

THE principles of physiology were never better applied than in this work, as they are made the means to an end, and that end is one of the highest importance to females. The exercises here introduced have not only the objects stated by the author, but, perhaps, a still higher one: namely, the preservation of the general health of the subject, as the rules apply in such a manner as to insure the exercise of all the muscles of the human body. They comprehend every variety of posture—riding, standing, walking, lying in bed even, and give general directions as to their appropriation and guidance. Nothing evinces better the quick sagacity of the excellent Dr. Birkbeck, than his ready recommendation of such a work. After his opinion, it would be vain to blame and useless to praise it. We therefore content ourselves with this very brief notice, which we trust will be sufficient to place the work in the hands of our female friends, who will understand that *beauty* depends on *health*, and *health* on *exercise*.

Land and Sea Tales. By the OLD SAILOR, Author of "Tough Yarns," &c. 2 vols. pp. 408. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

Our old friend and popular literaturist has produced another, and we had almost said, a more entertaining work, than either his "Greenwich Hospital" or "Tough Yarns;" but that were almost impossible. Nevertheless, we have the "rare Old Sailor" again on the quarter-deck of his own good ship—the "SMOLLETT of England." There stands the "Old Fellow," in all his genuine, comical, racy, and vigorous glory. The gusto, the admirable humour of our author, have been commented upon by his SOVEREIGN and superior officers with delight and gratification, at the Royal table, while his warm-hearted scenes and sketches have become familiar in every "mess-room" throughout the British navy. But let us turn to the work itself, and firstly to the preface. What has the brave Old Sailor to say for himself? Here we have the preface, short but witty, as it is:

"During my naval services, it fell to my lot more than once or twice to command a party of seamen on shore, for the purpose of co-operating with the army, and that, too, in situations which rendered it absolutely necessary to drill them into something like military evolutions. This, however, was a sad puzzler to poor Jack, and I remember hearing one of the fore-castle men exclaim to a ship-mate—'Well, I'm blow'd if this here long-shore work don't throw my edecation slap back! not but what I'm thinking I can handle the consarn of a musket and bay'net handsome enough; but them there *shove-along* (he meant *echelon*) movements beat me out and out!"

"Something of a similar feeling pervaded my mind when I commenced my 'Tales of the Land,'—the 'shove-along' movements on *terra firma*,—and that, too, out of sight of my natural element, rather bewildered me; but still I persevered, and now lay the results before my indulgent friends.

"Of the navy department I shall say nothing, as the patronage given to my 'Tough Yarns' emboldens me to hope for the same kind support in my present undertaking. I have written with an earnest desire to amuse, and ardently trust that my exertions to please will not prove a failure. THE OLD SAILOR."

And now we think we have said enough to direct public attention to this charming work, entitled "Land and Sea Tales," by the naval humourist of the nineteenth century.

Antonio Foscanini. An Historical Drama. Edward Bull, 19, Holles Street.

THIS is a stirring piece of composition, well worthy the attention of our highest and best-informed theatrical people. The "scenes" of its story are fairly portrayed,—the cell where perished Antonio Foscarani—the palace, whence through a barred casement he cast himse lf into the Mension, of a Spanish ambassador to save —"a lady's honour:"—all these, with many more, are strikingly developed. We have no room left for extracts. We could wish it were otherwise. We will give a line or two—page 75:—

FOSCARANI.

"My brighter star predominates. As yet
They know not I have passed the Lido's bounds.
It was no part of their dark plot to leave
These golden instants to behold thee."

THERESE.

Hence!

What power can save thee if in Venice found?"

FOSCARANI.

Well are these moments worth the life they seek!
I am upon the threshold of my tomb,
And my last look would fasten upon thee,—
Then welcome death!—

THERESE.

Live, my Antonio, live!
 Another and a better day may dawn,—
 My own betrothed, we yet may meet again!

FOSCARANI.

Beyond the grave?

THERESE.

Time yet may wear away
 Our sorrows, and each obstacle—You smile?
 True! when I am old, and these dark tresses wave,
 The snowy tell-tales of decay and years,
 Thou wilt forget?—Yes, yes, I know thou wilt.
 Not such is woman's love."

We hope the author will believe that we are interested in the success of his drama.

Study of English Poetry, or a choice Selection of the finest Pieces of the Poets of Great Britain, arranged in Chronological order from the 12th Century to the present day; preceded by a Treatise on English Versification. By A. SPIERS, Professor at the Royal School at Ponts-et-Chaussées, of the Royal College of Bourbon, &c. &c. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. pp. (with a copious Index included) 556. 12mo. boards.

POETRY, which has been the study and delight of mankind in all the by-gone ages of the world, and has ever been deemed one of the most delightful productions of the human intellect, is, as an ingenuous critic—Mr. Hazlitt—was wont to express it—(in his Lectures on the English Poets)—“the language of the imagination to the passions. It relates to what ever gives immediate pleasure to the mind,” and so on.

This is a work admirably calculated for the use of *finishing-schools*, for both young ladies and young gentlemen.

Rome and its surrounding Scenery. Nos. 1, 2, and 3, in 4to. By COOKE.

A **VERY** inexpensive and interesting work. The object of the publisher is to illustrate the ruinous desolation—the remains of those magnificent fabrics which oforetime lifted their gothic summits heavenward:—together with the most picturesque scenery within a circumference of twenty miles of Rome. Each number contains three well-executed engravings, by some of the most talented artists.

Address to the People of Great Britain, explanatory of our Commercial Relations with the Empire of China, and of the Course of Policy by which it may be rendered an almost unbounded Field for British Commerce. By a Visitor of China. Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill, Booksellers to their Majesties.

WE deem it proper to state that this attempt (a very well-written “paper,” or address, by the way) to throw light on a subject which has been much misrepresented, and is but little understood by the public at large, is from the pen of a gentleman who visited China for purposes entirely unconnected with commerce, and who, with the advantage of personal observation, may reasonably be supposed to have formed a more impartial and dispassionate judgment, than could have been arrived at by one writing under the smart of the injuries which he so ably describes. This address ought to be read generally by commercial men at home and abroad.

MR. CHARLES KNIGHT'S ALMANACKS FOR 1836.

Compiled under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. They are as follow :

1. THE BRITISH ALMANACK.
2. THE HOUSEHOLD ALMANACK.
3. THE WORKING-MAN'S ALMANACK.

OF the "British," with the Companion thereto, we can say that it is in all respects the most valuable and comprehensive treasury of knowledge worth having. It contains, together with the chief features of an almanack, a mass of matter at once attractive and highly useful, such as the natural phenomena of the year, chronology, geography, legislation, statistics, &c. &c. In fact, so much pains have been bestowed upon it, that it would be difficult to point out what else it might by possibility have been made to contain. We had nearly forgotten to state, that, independently of all these and many more, even the public buildings which had been completed during the year 1835, are exhibited in good style, to the number of five or six. On the whole, it is one of the best and most useful publications we have seen, as an every-day book.

Of the "Household Almanack," that it is full of *good things*—not puddings; no, nor mince-pies—but curious matter relative to domestic concerns; a very well-written history of wine; household statistics; all of which will be found interesting.

Of the "Working-man's Almanack," that it is a compilation of undoubted merit, abounding in information entirely *utilitarian*. Cheapness and utility are sure to command an immense sale for these "smart and vigorous" publications; and in thus doing what we deem short of justice to them, we feel with Mr. Knight—that, provided a "book" be really good and worth the money—it matters not from whom it come—from a society, or a bookselling house. We are among those, also, who wish the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge every possible success, and that their enterprising and gallant literaturist, Mr. Knight, may long be spared to represent its best interests.

RIDGWAY'S PAMPHLETS.

Nos. 1 to 6 of the Portfolio. This is a work which, if we do not greatly err, must find its way to the library of every scholar and politician in the king's dominions. This periodical publication, we are informed, was undertaken solely with a view of giving a connected publicity to a mass of foreign state papers, most deeply affecting this country, as also the public relations and the political position of the various members of the community of nations. These important documents cannot fail to excite a great deal of political interest. They are composed by a writer of undoubted talent, and one whose experience on the vast theatre of political Europe, will render any sentence contained in them of intrinsic worth. The paper on the state and prospects of Germany we have read to our advantage. The commentary on the Czar's speech at Warsaw, displays considerable ability and a competent knowledge of "facts" connected with that monstrous outpouring of tyranny, which has had the effect of disgusting the whole of Europe—nay, even the rancorous wolves of snow-clad and terrible Siberia have responded to the call of catholic humanity—by their unusually loud and continued howling bark, which fact has been reported to the *GOTH* by Scythian and Vandal tongues.

Parliamentary Talk, or the Objections to the late Irish Church Bill considered, in a Letter to a Friend Abroad. By a Disciple of Selden. Second Edition.

THIS is an effort, on the part of the writer, to *show cause* why "any surplus which should remain after fully providing for the spiritual instruction of Protestants of the Established Church, should be applied locally to the general education

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of his Majesty's subjects, without any distinction of religion." We long to refer our readers to the publication itself.

Create! A Letter to the King, on behalf of the Lords.

THE first pages of this pamphlet are devoted to the main object of the writer—as it appears to us—namely, to show the impossibility of maintaining a ministry composed of reforming anti-reformers. We leave *his* readers to judge for themselves.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Cruse's Psalms, adapted for Four Voices: applicable also for Two or One. With a condensed Instrumental Arrangement; being a continuation of Psalms of the Church, &c. &c. &c. Imperial 4to. Dedicated to Her Majesty Adelaide Queen of England, whose Piety and Practice of the Christian Virtues do equal honour to Herself, her Country, and Religion. D'Almain & Co., Soho Square.

"To the distinguished patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty, must be attributed the success of the first volume of the Psalms of the Church, rather than the humble merits of the work itself." So says the author of this admirable work, in his sensible and unpretending preface. We shall not institute an inquiry into the fact, but proceed to speak of the second volume, which is now before us.

If unwearied industry and a zealous devotion to the task, together with mental talents of no common kind, could be sufficient for the purpose, then might be safely indulged an honest anticipation that the second volume will be in every way worthy of the first.

A striking novelty will be found in the peculiar characteristic effects of the serious melodies of various nations; and much merit will be discovered in the original contributions, written expressly for this work, and for which the editor expresses himself indebted to many gentlemen of talent and celebrity.

The words in this attractive volume are chiefly selected from the New Version of the Psalms, and the Notes on the Text being continued and completed, in a few cases only have the original words been written for some of the compositions.

In the literary portion of this work will be found the opinions of many writers, which are rendered valuable by the editor's comments upon them.

In the introduction will be found "Remarks on Congregational Singing," and "On the Duties of an Organist," which were originally promised to form part of a Book of Chants.

Since Music is not yet considered in this country, as it is in Germany, to form an essential part of general education: it is very probable that a large portion of those who compose a "church congregation," may be still unacquainted with even its first principles.

Music, however, is obviously a written language, and is capable of affording intellectual pleasure as a literary pursuit. Were we for the first time to look into a book written in any other language, we should perceive only strange unmeaning characters, and should be astonished to observe, and that person better acquainted with them than ourselves, moved to "smiles and tears," by their perusal.

The mere exercise of the voice requires no systematic study of the science, but just so much musical perception as to understand the progress of a simple melody.

How delightfully might psalmody be performed if every one would contribute all the assistance in his power!

Singing is particularly recommended by Mr. Bradford as an exercise not only delightful to nature, but also very useful to preserve the health. It charms the spirits, opens the pipes, and it strengthens all the parts of the breast. We most cordially recommend this second volume of Mr. Cruse's Psalms to the musical world.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—“ There is a tide in the affairs of men.” So there is in the affairs of theatres. Shakspeare must, in the course of his somewhat extensive histrionic experience, have had abundant proof of this. Mr. Bunn, we are sure, will bear his willing testimony to the fact. That tide has set in in the case of Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. Bunn seems to have taken it at its fountain. Matters are getting on just now swimmingly at this house. The present extraordinary prosperity of Drury dates its origin from the bringing out of *The Siege of Rochelle*. That opera was followed by another, *The Jewess*, no less attractive. And before the theatre-going public had time to get cloyed with the richness of these, Mr. Bunn, with admirable tact, introduces a little pleasing variety under the title of *The Bronze Horse*. The house, consequently, continues to “ draw ;” and will, we doubt not, do so for some time to come, by which time Mr. Bunn will unquestionably have something new to administer to the public palate. *The Bronze Horse*, which is the only new piece brought out at Drury Lane Theatre since our last appeared, being chiefly intended as a spectacle, there is no room for dramatic criticism, in the sense in which that phrase is usually understood. It is got up with great splendour, and is sure to continue its attractions for some time.

COVENT GARDEN.—The fortunes of this theatre have taken a sudden turn, and, so far as present appearances may be depended on, it is destined to see more prosperous days. Miss Faucit, the daughter of Mrs. Faucit, the well-known actress, made her *debut* on the boards of this house early in the month. The character she assumed for her first introduction to the public was that of *Julia*, in Sheridan Knowles’s play of *The Hunchback*. The event has proved that, whether she selected that character for herself, or it was recommended to her by some friend, the choice was a most judicious one. A more successful *debut* has not been made for many years : that of Fanny Kemble was the only parallel to it during the last quarter of a century. We are satisfied that Miss Faucit is destined to fill up a chasm which has so long existed, in the higher walks of female personation, of tragic characters. We are not ignorant of the fact, that many promising *debuts*, on the part of females as well as on that of our own sex, have been made within the last twenty years, which have soon after been followed by decided failures ; but it strikes us that Miss Faucit, instead of being drilled, as we know the parties to whom we refer were, into the management of her voice and the character of her action, by some old stager, studies the part she has to perform for herself, and only embodies her own conceptions in the way which appears to her most effective. This is a point which will soon be set at rest ; the young *debutante* will soon have to appear in other characters, and then the public will see whether or not we have exaggerated her histrionic

acquirements. Mr. Knowles sustained the character of the hero of his own piece for the first fortnight, when his provincial engagements calling him to the country, he was succeeded by Charles Kemble. The acting of the latter, even in a part which was Mr. Knowles's own creation, is decidedly superior to that of the former. *The Hunchback* continues to attract large houses; nor has the pantomime of *Guy Fawkes* lost its interest by nearly forty repetitions. The pantomime season, however, will be over by the time this reaches the hands of our readers: we have not heard what is to be the new afterpiece; but Mr. Osbaldiston, there can be no doubt, will be fully prepared with the necessary variety.

THE MINOR THEATRES.—The Adelphi continues its prosperous career. Mr. Braham's, St. James's, has experienced a slight improvement in the dimensions of its audiences, though some of his pieces by no means deserve it. With tolerably good pieces, this theatre, owing to its situation, cannot fail to be successful for the next four or five months. The Queen's Theatre, even under the management of Mrs. Nisbett, is in a melancholy state; there are hardly any audiences, and even the few people that tenant the boxes, "go gratis." We hear, the fortunes of this theatre are irretrievable: at any rate, there is no hope for the unfortunate proprietor, until the season at the larger houses is over. The English Opera House is closed; and The Strand Theatre, after being opened for one short week, followed its example. The cause, it is said, was an order to that effect from the Lord Chamberlain. His Lordship might have saved himself the trouble. The conjoint absurdity of the pieces, and the stupidity of the acting, would most assuredly have done the work to his hand in a fortnight at farthest.

AVE MARIA.

Oh! divinest,
 Oh! benignest,
 Purest Virgin, pray o'er us;
 Though we be not worth thy care,
 Prove how strong is virtue's prayer,—
 Holy woman, pray o'er us.

By thy kindness,
 By our blindness,
 Mary, mother, pray o'er us.
 Thou, beneath whose maiden eye
 Slept an infant Deity,
 Ne'er canst vainly pray o'er us.

Æ.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1836.

Shortly will be published "The Anglo Polish-Harp," or Songs for Poland, to which will be added, Scenes from "Longinus," "Palmyra," and other Poems, by Jacob Jones, Esq., Barrister at Law, Author of "Thoughts on Prison Labour," and various other works.

The friends and patrons of Thomas Miller, the poet and basket-maker, author of "Songs of the Sea Nymphs," &c., intend publishing, by subscription, for his benefit, a new work, which he has just completed, under the title of "A Day in the Woods;" being a connected Series of Tales and Poems, of which a most favourable report is given by many distinguished literary characters who have perused the manuscript.

"Lays of the Heart," containing an Ode to the Memory of a Father, and other Poems, by J. S. C., will appear early in March.

The Daughter of the Author of "The Balance of Comfort," has a work in the press, under the title of "The Governess, or Politics in Private Life."

Cuthbert Clutterbuck, of Kannaquhair, F.S.A., has just completed his long-projected work, entitled "Edith of Glamis," in three vols. post 8vo.

A work "On the Physical and Intellectual Constitution of Man," will be published early next month, by Edward Meryon, Esq. F.R.C.S., &c. &c.

The Venerable Archdeacon Wix has now in the press "A Journal of his recent Missionary Labours in Newfoundland;" giving a general description of that interesting country, and of the manners, customs, and religious feelings of its inhabitants.

Donaldson's Examples of Modern Doorways in Italy and Sicily, being a continuation of the Examples of Ancient Doorways in Greece and Italy, 4to., 18 plates, and letter-press description.

In the Press. On the Causes and Objects of Local Disturbances in Ireland. By George Cornwall Lewis, Esq.

LITERARY OBITUARY.

DIED, on the 31st, and "last day" of December, 1835, after a most painful and distressing consumption—not of the lungs—which had been borne with Conservative resignation, during the whole term of its comparative obscurity—

THE ALBION, EVENING NEWSPAPER, Aged 3 years and 9 months.

It is due to the "wet-nurse" who had the care of this splenetic Tory offshoot, to record, that every possible attention was paid to the comfort and cleanliness of the private department—especially the *sheets* on which it lingered with so much suffering to itself, and with no little pain to those who heard its "daily-evening" agonies. It is confidently reported, in the higher circles, that the *manes* are to be buried under the bronze statue of Achilles, in the Park.

EPITAPH.

Oft has it been our lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark :
With eyes that hardly served, at most,
To guard his master 'gainst a—*Post*.

We are sorry to announce the sudden and unexpected demise of that excellent young hobby-horse, known by the name of

"LEIGH HUNT'S JOURNAL."

The loss of this mental volocipede will be felt by the literati, and by those of its friends and admirers who—despite the frowns of fortune—continued to be its readers and admirers up to the last moments of its ephemeral existence.

We understand, the deceased smiled its last smile amidst the encouraging hopes of intellectual—Knight; in the *morning*, however, it was found to be quite dead!

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE sacred volume informs us, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand;" and, if we are to form an opinion of the present agitation of the question of agricultural distress by this self-evident truth, no good can result from the opposing opinions with which the discussions of the various meetings and associations are distractedly animated. Some suppose that an abrogation of the tax on malt would effect the object in view, and in all probability a trifling temporary relief would be thus brought about; others maintain, that Peel's bill for the alteration of the currency was the cause of the present depressed state of the agricultural interest, and that therefore a return to unlimited issues of paper would restore its previous prosperity; but, while we willingly admit the impolicy of Mr. Peel's enactment, which effected such havoc amongst the manufacturers as well as in the rural districts, we are not prepared to admit that a profuse factitious currency would restore a system which produced inordinate rents,—which forced manufactures and commerce out of their natural channels, but which was nowise calculated for permanent benefit to the community. Perhaps the soundest view which has been taken of the case, under present circumstances, is that of Mr. Mackay, manager of the Moncrieffe estate, who has made an arrangement with the tenantry, by which the whole rental of the estate is converted into grain on fair and liberal principles; and the tenants are thus secured in the same quantity of the produce of their farms, being equal to the rents now payable by them, as was necessary to discharge their obligations on that head when they entered into their bargains. But as the disease is too deeply seated to admit of cure by ordinary cataplasm, so the remedies previously enumerated, though they might assuage the inflammation or delusively cicatrize the sore, in as much as they could not reach the source of the evil, they would not be able to operate as a permanent and effectual cure.

For several weeks back, the price of grain has experienced a trifling advance, owing to the markets being less abundantly supplied than they were previously to the close of the year. To leave rent out of the question, farmers would have to provide for the liquidation of various annual or semi-annual accounts due at Christmas, and would therefore feel themselves under the necessity of bringing their produce to market for the purpose in question; hence the little increase in the price of agricultural produce noticed above, which we have no doubt will experience a retroaction before the end of the present month.

AVERAGE PRICES OF GRAIN.

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	
Wheat	5	3	to	5	6 per bushel.
Barley	3	9	to	4	0 ditto.
Oats	2	9	to	3	0 ditto.
Beans	4	6	to	5	0 ditto.

Every other kind of grain, as well as hay, selling at prices equally low. The dairyman has no reason to complain; for, amidst the general depression of the markets, which has unfortunately continued for a ruinous period, Cheese and Butter have uniformly averaged good prices. The same remark will apply to Butchers' Meat.

THE EDITOR'S LATEST MOMENTS.

It is quite impossible for us to insure a notice of any new publication that is not sent in before the 18th day of each month in succession. The quantity of books sent for this purpose, even after the 24th of January, will account for their not being reviewed in this number of the "Old Monthly." Our friends and subscribers will perceive that we have no less a number of crowded pages than sixteen, devoted to the notice of books of sterling merit, in our present number. We have yet—we are free to confess it—a great arrear of book criticism to bring up, at least forty volumes, which shall be done speedily.

Our Glasgow correspondent is sincerely thanked by the editors of the "Old Monthly."—As early in March as he may think proper.—By sea.

We advise Junius Brutus to call on the Lord Chancellor, *de facto*.

"Pope Leo's Last Words, by an African Chief," may be rendered eminently useful in another quarter of the world; we must decline the honour of publishing them.

Mr. Middleton's paper is accepted, and at his own terms.

At the suggestion of an eminent bookseller—whom we are happy to rank amongst our friends—we have erected new premises in our advertising department, exclusively for the "advertisements" of book-sellers, authors, and literary men.

A "paper," of considerable interest, from the pen of T. Miller. Basket-maker, will be found in the present number of the "Old Monthly." It is no less gratifying to us than it will be pleasant to all those literaturists who have known Mr. Miller, from the first step he gained on his ascent to the better walks of literature, to know that he has been kindly—nay, splendidly patronised. We say splendidly patronised, because, if such names as the Countess of Blessington, Mrs. Bulwer, Miss Landon, on the one hand: the Editor of the Literary Gazette (W. Jerdan, Esq.), the elder and younger Dilk, of the Athenæum, Mr. Lockhart, of the Quarterly, Mr. Bulwer, Mr. Harrison, the accomplished author-editor of "Friendship's Offering," on the other, do not tend to add splendour to their unaffected and benevolent patronage of a man of genius—although a basket-maker—we are at a loss to understand what "splendid patronage," would import. It is with feelings of no ordinary kind we speak of Mr. Miller;—for the present, however, let silence speak our respect.